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The White Stallion

(A Poem)

By Frederick Victor Branford

A NOTE

PESSIMISM, which has been the matter (or at least the implication) of so much Art, and Optimism, which is the substance of nearly all Religions, can both muster in defence of their apparently conflicting visions, arguments of great pragmatic force.

That very pain which barbs the perception of the frailty of Life and the transience of Beauty, with its compelling insinuation of the mortal character of Nature and Man, has power to make this mean star noble by doom and precious by peril; while in rare and fleeting moments some stray wisp of piercing splendour appears to finger imagination's secret trigger releasing an apprehension of spiritual stability in the very heart of change. It may be that the security of the gods is not man's security, that terrene ambitions are ground to dust under the vast wheel of the cosmic purpose, but the recognition of any stable principle of ultimate salvation should at least be sufficient to maintain man in dignity against the degrading sense of the futility of all existence.

The intuition of change, which is Art, and the intuition of stability, which is Religion, are both visions of Reality, valid each in its own right. Each gives to life a scale and a scope beyond the compass of the other. It may be that Paradox stands in the very centre of Reality, soluble only in act of apprehension which transcends

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thought, beyond change and changelessness, in some profound or lofty region whence these two intuitions, so deeply rooted in the base of man's being, derive sanction equally. Such a conception, however repugnant to the laws of Western logic, has a place in the thought of the East, where Siva the Destroyer, Vishnu the Preserver, and Brahma the Creator, divide the empire of the Breath.

The following poem, which assumes the finality of involution as an hypothesis suitable for artistic inspection, should, therefore, be regarded as the complement rather than the contradiction of " Wonderchild " (or the music of Evolution), which was published in the October number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

PRELUDE

(*Music of Involution.*)

SONG is the call of Chaos sent,
Stopped and strung, through an instrument.
Song is an arrow that flies from the bent
Bow of a thought, on a feather rent
From the wing of love that is plumed with pain
For the fires that wax in the forms that wane
When the shore resolves to a single grain
And the forest sinks to a seed again.

The gnarled tongues of hornèd brutes
Lash the languid lips of lutes.
Tuskèd calls and trumpetings
Mar the mellow cithern strings.
Human-hearted the violin
Trembles on the untempered din
Of birds that bode at the world's end,
Whither all sweet parleys tend.

Under the level lane of light
The rumble of ancestral night
Is delving down through dust and door,
Through sinking suns and suns that soar
To Zero gaping at the core.

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Where cursèd things that croak do go
On crawling business down below,—
The raven, the kite and the carrion crow.

Where seraph-song by glottis-growl,
Breath by body, brain by bowel,
Saint by sinner, fair by foul,
Sup forever, cheek by jowl.

* * * * * *

Wicked and wan.
As the spirit of man,
A white moon shivers on slender van;
Like the daughter of Ind
Who loved Siva, and sinned
And was pitted by plague from a leperous wind.

From a broken wall,
That has weathered the fall
Of column and keep and turret tall,
As though it had grown
Out of the stone
By elfin art, an owl is flown.

Hoot-tu-Hoot! the beast has caught
In the dark den of his thought
The speech of one who sayeth Naught,
But rides down every talking god
On a tremendous stallion shod
By the dumb smith Eternity,
With steel as strong
As time is long
And nails that were used on Calvary.

Hark! the beat
Of invisible feet,
The terrible tread
Of that great white dead
Stallion galloping overhead.

Ruin rides upon his back
Beating down, with roar and wrack,
Beauty into blood, and black
Dust, upon his smoking track.

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Through fields of promise with fruits of pain,
Through golden crops with iron grain,
He hurls his headlong bulk amain.

Ages of ample empery—
Milestones, glinting as they fly,
London, Rome and Nineveh
Shoot in a whistle of star-beams by.

The shrunken years have cast their springs
And the birds have shed their wings,
Earth is a staggering mire that storms
Into a million sinister forms,
Snakes that leap and swooping worms.

Down the bristling glaciers bore
From their starry havens hoar
To bury their bows in the deep lands or
Their icy anchors in ocean floor.
Mastodon, Mammoth and Deinosaur
Walk the world; they walk no more,
Done to glittering death before
    The furious beat
    Of invisible feet,
      The terrible tread
      Of the great white dead
Stallion galloping overhead.

Groping through dim centuries,
Doubtful what her venture is,
Life, the forlorn daughter
Of Wanhope, wades from water
To sow on winds that scatter
Frost and fire and shatter
Live seeds on dead matter;
Doomed herself to trust
To the last breath that must
Blow her back to dust.

But legless things with lateral gait,
Immortal slimes that never mate,
Themselves into their sons dilate
With lack-of-love, that laughs at fate

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And the furious beat
Of invisible feet,
The terrible dread
Of the great white dead
Stallion galloping overhead.

Like a beast with anger blown
To a form of ravin twice his own,
Whose blind anarchic passions draw,
Acrogenous, to one keen law
Of instant hate, doth the evil Sun
Inflate himself, and downhill run;
Puts out a paw of burning light
And pats the dry land out of sight;
Drags up ocean by the head
Snarling from his basalt bed;
Takes the fathoms by the hair
And hangs them in the middle air.

And now that dead, immortal horse
Gathering his haunches over his course
Flies, a streak of naked force,
By his imperious Rider sent
Full at the final argument.
But at the obscure fount of power
He stumbles on the Original Hour.
Nine and fifty minutes flown
Whither the rest of Time is gone,
Nine and fifty seconds run
After them and leave but one,
To the furious beat
Of invisible feet,
To the terrible tread
Of the great white dead
Stallion stooping with bloody head.

Now his mane writhes Maenad-fashion
In the last gust of his passion.
His eyes are shot as bloodhounds', when
They fail on the track of hunted men.
He plants his rear hoofs on the night
And into the heavens lifts his height.

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Tossed from quivering nostrils tense
Into No-where from No-whence
Springs his spirit, dark and dense.

Springs the spirit of Ruin clear
From far and future, now and near,
From the sunless limits of the Past
Horse and Rider, First and Last
Fates, are gone out on the Vast:—

Out on that starless wide Serene,
That tolerated Time between
Two gapes of rapid lightning, where
Enormous mists of beaming air
Wheeled like demons of despair,
And from each centre shot a shower
Of ravenous systems, plied with power
Through summits soaring tower on tower,
That rushed a round of space an hour,
Finding nothing to devour
But a little world, that had wandered out
From that rhyming, reeling, drunken rout,
Alone in the desert to dream and doubt
And wonder what it was all about:
Now in the Ear of Mystery bent
On that dark and silent continent,
Like the murmur of ancient Oceans caught
In the cave of a man's subconscious thought
    Echoes the beat
    Of invisible feet,
      The phantom tread
      Of a great white dead
Stallion that saw the stars to bed

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To My Mother

(1843-1921)

By Eden Phillpotts

As a pure stream, whose silver-bright caress
Quickens her thirsty brink, your way you went,
One tireless purpose and one sole content:
To find the folk unloved, and cheer and bless
Such as had only heard of human happiness.

Not all the deepening shades of your own woe
Could blind your vision to another's pain,
Your tender quest and sure response restrain,
Or bate the toil that you would undergo
Compassion swift to bring and gentle ruth bestow.

Now stilled the generous heart that never beat
For self in all your length of fruitful years;
And shut the eyes that shed not many tears
For your own sorrows; stopped the ready feet
That on a thousand roads your mercy made so fleet.

I was your first-born son and me you bore
To share through half a century of time
Your gracious days, to see your hope sublime,
Rejoicing that a widowed love of yore
Had fashioned me a part of you for evermore.

Mother, you win the song of human praise
For righteous souls who wrought and now are gone,
Unto Faith's Household add a precious one,
And, in the after-glow of your good days,
Lift up some patient hearts still beating on their ways.

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The End of the Honeymoon

By H. T. W. Bousfield

THIS is the end of all our laughter,
  Blown with the dead leaves down the lane,
Summer is gone, and the cold winds after
  Are black with rain.

    Love that played in the petalled wild-wood
      Flew with the swallows a month ago;
    I'm approaching my second childhood,
      Your grey hairs have begun to show.

Sigh no more; I have tipped the waiter—
  You've a husband and I've a wife—
Take this volume of Walter Pater;
  I'm tired of life!

Happiness

By Henry Peterson

I KNOW no slight that can offend
  An eager heart;
I know no pain that cannot mend
  An eager heart;
No burning grief that does not lend
An added heat to zest in life,
An added courage for the strife.

I know no failure that can daunt
  An eager heart;
I know no scoffing that will haunt
  An eager heart;
No black despair however gaunt
Can crush a heart that lives to sing,
That lives to love Life's every thing.

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The East

By Richard Curle

The Entry.

The Rangoon River pilot and myself had hardly emerged from the Customs House at Port Said when we ran straight into a B.I. captain up from Delagoa Bay with a cargo of Natal coal. "Hulloa!" cried the pilot, "who'd have thought of meeting you? Come and tell us all about it," and the three of us were soon drinking iced Dutch beer on the verandah of the Oriental in full sight of the beach and the green rollers of the Mediterranean. The captain had the weary air of a man just off the solitude of a twenty-three days' voyage, and he spoke with considerable bitterness about the East in general. The pilot was sympathetic. "Talk of the call of the East," said he, "I never heard it; the people who hear it haven't been there. I want to get back to Scotland." But as for me, I held my peace. Was I not about to slip through the gateway for myself? We had some more beer on that and a rosier view of things seemed to envelop my companions, who began to swap yarns. I listened to them drowsily; I heard, as it were, the whisper of the East from far away, and above their remarks it floated before me like a perfume. A juggler appeared suddenly, with that kind of cringing swagger of the Port Said jugglers, and began to produce bedraggled chickens out of aluminium cups and folds in his clothes. I remembered it all from long ago, but the town itself I did not remember. It used not to have this air of cleanliness and respectability—no, indeed! After a time we got up to return to our boat. She was lying right down the entrance to the Canal and the row was long on that hot afternoon. As we bade good-bye to the captain, he said to me in a voice mournful and friendly, "I'll be following you along to Colombo on Sunday. Seventeen days she'll take over it, the old tub, and a stern wind in the Red Sea. Well, you'll know all about it." I smiled

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at him; it was fitting that one should attain paradise only through purgatory.

This, I need scarcely explain, was my first journey to the East. For many years the thought of it had dazzled my imagination, but now, on the threshold, I was conscious that romance, as one grows older, has to be listened for, has to be caught, and does not fill one's life as it did at twenty. My very longing for the East had something in it of a self-conscious quality, the mere creation of a mood and of recollected names. Is it, I wonder, Nature's compensation against that time when we can travel no more and must find in one particular corner the epitome of our roving desires? Behind us the colliers made a serried wall nosing the shore, and across the water Port Said, shining in its washed colours, held all the glitter of Egypt without its dust. And presently we took aboard our pilot and started down the Canal, while the sellers of necklaces and cigarettes bobbed behind us in their row-boats, reluctantly silent, straining their eyes for new victims. Our wash lapped softly on the shores and the pleasant shaded paths vanished as the desert opened ahead, with Kantara, that yellow town born of the war, piled high with Government stores and the wreckage of armies, on our left, and the streak of the Palestine railway winding through the dunes beyond. Soldiers were bathing in the Canal, and cries of greeting and farewell passed from shore to ship. And soon the sunset flared and sank, the searchlight on our bows was switched on, and we tip-toed on our way and out into the Salt Lakes with the pierced darkness on either hand.

We must have touched Suez in the dead of night, for when I awoke next morning we were in the Red Sea. Its ashen, rocky shores stretched before us, widening as we went, and the torrid air above seemed like the very breath of their fiery wastes. Great streaks of reddish sand or of some strange algæ floated like spume upon the surface, and the meaning of that water's name was revealed to me in a glance. The ship wore a look of exhaustion, as though fleeing in her last extremity from a surrounding pestilence. The hush of the fierce day brooded upon the sterile sea, and the beat of our screws, the call of voices from above, the echo of moving feet, sounded muffled and lifeless.

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The vitality of existence was clogged by oppression and the days held us to them in a dry and burning embrace, as when in dreams we attempt to escape from an enemy and find that we cannot move. I am not surprised at the stories of madness and sudden death, of men rushing up from the stokehold and flinging themselves overboard, that are the cheerful subject of conversation in the Red Sea, and I am not surprised partly because I have felt for myself the tension of the place (" Oh, but it's nothing to the Persian Gulf," observed an optimist to me, sitting with an expression of beatitude before an immense iced drink), and partly because I have been a witness to such a tragedy.

It was a Sunday afternoon and we were then about half-way down towards the entrance to the Indian Ocean. Tea was over, and in the faint freshness of the evening people were sitting about the decks, talking languidly and spasmodically, when all at once the siren blew four times and was still. The sound floated away, dying instantaneously upon the airless sea, and the ship shivered from stem to stern as she was brought round by a reversed propeller. But it was no Lascar who, finding himself in the water, would immediately come to his senses and, calling loudly on the name of Allah, make for the thrown lifebuoy that had gone; no, it was a passenger, an Indian married to a white girl—a more complex matter altogether. He had not even jumped, he had climbed the railing aft and let himself fall deliberately. In one instant every person seemed to be on deck or aloft, and every eye was glued to the sea. It is difficult to describe, save in terms of an enchanter's wand, the changed atmosphere of the scene: the spell was shattered and the warning blasts had been like the urgent call of life or death to the drugged dwellers of an opium-den. The foaming wake of our circles drew curious figures on the oily solitude of the swell, but no head appeared there and the drifting buoys resembled sea-birds resting untroubled on the quiet water. A big P. & O., coming up behind us making for Bombay, appeared to be shifting to each corner of the horizon as she, too, turned in her tracks, dancing, as it were, a sombre minuet with the Bibby liner. But the Indian was seen no more; his insanity or despair was carried with him into the depths.

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As you near Perim the queerest little rocky islets emerge out of the haze in the very wake of ocean-going steamers. These death-traps for the unwary are guarded by lighthouses, maintained by the Egyptian Government and manned by Greeks, who are, really, the only people on the face of the earth who will live literally anywhere if you pay them. They have gulls for their companions and the hiss of a dead sea for their lullaby. God help them! But, indeed, the Greeks have an extraordinary capacity—I'm not sure it's not even an heroic capacity—for following in the footsteps of adventure and for covering the whole globe with their petty cafés and insignificant trades. Tireless in the accumulation of money, they live on next to nothing and preserve an almost theatrical affection for their country in a hide-bound indifference to their present circumstances. It's a strange kind of stoicism.

It was night when we rounded Sokotra and drove out into the full force of the monsoon. Bad enough at the start, it weakened before long, and the passengers, free from the gasping heat, began to consolidate their cliques with the admirable intensity of a cathedral town. Often on long voyages, watching the vivid concentration of the lives on board and the passions of a world in miniature, I have suddenly thought of all the other ships wandering at that very moment over the seas, and of how, on each one of them, a similar drama was being played, oblivious to the remainder of mankind. Invincible and inane, life re-creates for every generation the lost illusions of the last, and where can one study that truth more plainly than on board ship? The enforced idleness and contact bring out points a more normal existence would try to stifle, and I am rather coming to the opinion that boredom is as disintegrating in its effects as hunger.

The wind blew from off the coast of Africa, covering the sea with slaty waves and white horses, and each day brought us nearer to the East. The pilot and I paced the deck without enthusiasm. "Look," he would say, stopping to shake a contemptuous hand towards the horizon, "if that isn't the ugliest damned sight!" and we would make moodily for the smoking saloon. Inside there jolly voices would be heard calling loudly for the bar-steward, and public-spirited individuals would be adding

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up the amount of the day's sweep-money. I am not one of those who win sweepstakes, but then I am not one of those who get killed in railway accidents, so that the general level of nonentity is quite to my liking. Moreover, anything to break the ennui, short of forming one of the twelve lap-dogs of a pretty woman! That was asking too much. Besides, women who encourage that sort of thing are only laughing in their sleeves. No, one queue a day, for my bath, was sufficient. Oh, but that monotony of the hours at sea, in which the agonising slowness of the present mocks one's memory of time's swiftness in retrospection! But then, isn't all life just a series of dragging hours that await some magic East?

Colombo is 3,400 miles from Port Said, and a high-powered steamer can do the distance well within the fortnight. On the evening of the tenth day we glimpsed the light on the atol-reef of Minnicoy, and on the morrow there crept over the horizon the far sails of a fishing fleet—the Colombo catamarans heading seaward in a zigzag line. In the pearly light of that still morning, with haze bloomy on the sea, those sails were in a double sense the harbingers of another world. No longer the sea but the land, no longer Europe but Asia. While the night was yet dark the boats had put out from their island to greet the dawn upon the Indian Ocean, and now they seemed to sleep after pious labours, faithful worshippers of the sun and of the water. And then gradually, like a wraith, Ceylon uprose from the deep; the East was taking shape before my eyes. The shores of palm stretched out along the surge, massive and grim, and the laden smell of Asia floated to us over the waves. It was the very moment I had been awaiting.

I was standing thus before the promise of the East, when just at my back a voice announced sententiously, "Yes, there's the little old island." You know how the mere intonation of a voice, quite apart from what is said, can be an index to the mind; well, this voice and this remark were at one. It was a self-satisfied, irritating voice, as if the owner of it imagined that nobody else were capable of so abstruse a calculation. I spun round and saw before me a small, straight man with a severe expression, a low forehead, and an uxorious eye. He appeared to be conjuring up the island by the sheer power of his will; he had cer-

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tainly conjured away the fine filament of my haunting idea. I turned and mingled with the passengers. The hearty talk of light farewells was on every lip, and the subtle corrective of the land had already cooled the exotic friendships of a long voyage. We had swung parallel with the island, and the shadowy East was growing clearer every instant. In that physical emergence the spirit of the solid earth seemed to swell about us, and with its silent, insistent note to break the reverie of our sea-dreams. The vast ocean was forgotten, the ocean in which man looks forth upon an untrammelled world, and, all ready for the shore, we altered visibly with the altering scene. And now we had caught up with the Drunken Sailor buoy, tumbling for ever outside Colombo Harbour, and now had circled the breakwater, and now had come to rest. Colombo, a bright variegated bird, lay gleaming along the beach with its emerald wings outspread.

The Exit.

As the lights of Colombo dwindled astern, dying out in pin-points upon the shrouded sea, I knew that the mantle of the East had slipped from off my shoulders. The destination of a steamer gives one curiously the immediate sense of the place to which she is bound, and there, upon the dark Indian Ocean, I felt England all about me. The East was as a closed page whose words ring in the memory when the book is laid aside. In my future dreams, when I should tread again the Asiatic roads and meet the friends of yesterday, it would be with that uneasiness one dreams of the dead, not realising that they are dead but knowing instinctively that there is something wrong. There is pain in the fond minuteness of any recollection.

Continents through all their variations have yet a kind of unity, and the very mention of the East conveys to me a woven Asiatic idea which is the utter antithesis to Europeanism. And being in one country or continent is rather like smoking one brand of cigarettes for a certain period—it suits more and more the developed mood. So that even should you wish to leave there is a wrench in the parting. And as for me, I didn't wish to leave. I listened to those beastly propeller-beats as one listens to

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the fatal ticking of a clock in a time of crisis. How a ship carrying one from friends can resemble a sullen and relentless animal with the bit between her teeth! Indeed, the only consolation in all these partings is the knowledge of your free volition; you go not so much because you have to, but because, by going, you trust to gain some point in the boundless, dim optimism of hope.

I don't pretend to appraise the glamour of the East. To begin with, I don't know the most glamorous Orient lands, and, in any case, the cloak hung too loosely. I reached it at an age when the focus of impressionism has changed and when you cannot read easily into the external world the romance of your own cravings. But the East is still the East, complex and tenacious. One stands bewildered before this pageant, which, like an iceberg, has its chief being out of sight. And yet in perspective the very diversity of mankind is understandable through the study of a single human being. Who knows the East, its motives and its movements, but who knows his next-door neighbour? Such knowledge as we have possesses the doubtful value of empirical investigation and is rendered differently according to its interpreter. I confess that I can't render it at all in any concise form, though merely to say "The East" brings before me a whole series of unified impressions whose totality is wordless. In those Eastern realms of blazing sunlight, where the footing of the West is a mere imprint upon the sands of centuries, there is a haunting suggestion of black magic. It knits them together, the happy races and the sombre, in an obscure Oriental brotherhood whose roots are sunk in immemorial origins. The psychology of Asiatics may often approximate outwardly to our own, but there is a something at the back which the arguments of democracy do not touch, or those abstract words that govern the conduct or express the desires of Occidentals. We come to them with our logical theories, and behold, they have their own about which they do not argue. The East is weary of the West, weary of its logic, weary of its tutelage. It has accepted from us a smattering of political idealism, but merely, so to speak, as a basis of argument. Easterns don't appreciate in the slightest many of our most cherished illusions, but we can only approach them through our own standards

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and they can only obtain their wishes by pretending to aim at the goal of these standards. We talk to them of freedom and they reply, "Well, give us freedom," but the one freedom they want is freedom from us. Words, remember, do not have a universally equal significance. What the Oriental really wants is a return to some sinuous Eastern mode of life where the order of things is fixed within and chaotic without.

Indeed, there is much at once incoherent and statuesque about the East. Like the jungle, it decays and grows in the intensity of a silent struggle. Deep down it has its own philosophy of quiescence, that bedrock of the agèd Oriental consciousness, but on the surface the jumble of its life is appalling. The generations may alter their external modes, even their external opinions, but the race-mentality remains steadfast. The further I left the East behind me, the more did I conceive of it as a kind of abstraction. All you will ever notice is the sheath of its nerves, which veil an idea more powerful, more universal than any other idea in the whole world. But if I could explain what that idea is I should have ceased to be a European. For me to understand Asia would be a contradiction in terms.

I had plenty of leisure for my Eastern musings, sitting there amidst the exquisite blue calm of an unruffled Indian Ocean, and the conclusion I arrived at is that I can say nothing of value. I can give, as I hope I have given, pictures of what I saw, thoughts about what I felt, but the secret of the East's cohesion eludes me. Yes, it eludes me in the very nature of things. In Africa, and even in South America, I had found the land itself the chief mystery, but in Asia, as in Europe, the people are the final problem. And the nurse is less enigmatic than her child, or, at any rate, her enigma is more of a piece. Many places are as beautiful as those parts of Asia I saw, but beauty and glamour have no necessary connection, and I suppose that the Eastern glamour has left its unrevealing stigmata upon me. Will it show later in the manner of invisible ink held before a fire?

The ship was crowded. There were people from Siam, from the Straits and the F.M.S., from Burma, from Ceylon

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and Southern India, but the thoughts of one and all seemed centred upon Bond Street or various race-courses. Their heads were turned towards home from the wild or fantastic places; the East was to them no more than a means of livelihood. They reminded me of those curious animals who carry with them under water a bubble of air and dwell encased in one world in the midst of another. Europeans in their own way are as impervious as Asiatics. Therein lies our mingled success and failure with the Oriental. It is right that the overlord should be incomprehensible, but then he should comprehend. But after all it's good to think that the drawing East, in its glitter and its might, cannot outweigh the heritage of England. We send forth our sons and they return unchanged at heart. Their homeliness, their sense of humour, yes, even their triviality, remain unaltered before the opulent and tragic East. It may be a sign of unimaginativeness, it is certainly a sign of sanity.

The activities of board-ship life are not amusing, but the study of your fellow-passengers is. I don't mean it in a superior sense. No, it's just amusing in the way that the unbiassed study of all life is amusing when you are able to get at grips with it. Men, being accommodating in the main, are easy to rub along with in the give and take of casual companionship, but with women it is less simple, because there is often a touch of dissimulation in their affability. (Who hasn't discovered by now that the beauty of some women is the cloak of a touching femin inity, and the beauty of others the cloak of profound mental corruption?) I'm not talking about love affairs on board, which are no doubt very exciting under the idealistic canopy of an unchanging South, in calm seas and starry nights, oh, dear me, no, I don't aspire to such heights; I'm talking about the ordinary existence of a staid person, which, after all, can be quite rich in fancy, even on the obscure feminine. Still, of course, if we don't know very much about women, it's consoling to think that they don't know very much about themselves. A mystery that is a mystery right through is never so very formidable. That's one of these truths about life that isn't always obvious, just as it's not always obvious why explanations are worse than silence, or why two friends, in love with the same woman, only feel

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jealous when they are apart, never when they are together, or why it is wise not to bark unless you are prepared to bite. What frightens one in women is not their complexity, but the subconscious intensity of their sex. Taken in the widest meaning, a man's sense of sex sleeps at times, a woman's never. When she comes down to breakfast she is already a huntress, and that is rather terrifying. But I am always getting on to these subjects.

We crossed the Indian Ocean, over-eating, scandalising, killing the days as best we could, and then one evening in due time there showed up before us the twinkling lights of Suez. I do not know whether I have ever experienced a queerer emotion than I did on entering the Canal that night, with its contrast of petty trimness after the unmapped freedom of the sea. The ship gliding along the banks seemed somehow like a child's balloon floating over the desert. The silence was not the silence of the sea, it was the silence of sleep and not that of the hushed winds in a vacuity where there is neither sleep nor waking.

A quick passage of twelve hours brought us to Port Said and I landed the next morning, as I had landed there on my outward journey. And now, as then, I wandered off to that hotel by the ocean and sat down on its verandah. It was fitting that on this terrace, with Europe visibly at my side in the shape of the Mediterranean, I should end, as with a flourish of remembrance, this page of Oriental reminiscence. I put my elbows on the table and stared into the distance. And I beheld, beyond the merry faces of my companions, the fretted shores of tropic coasts, the green forests, the glitter of a noonday sun, and I beheld other things, faces, faces, and I heard, as in a trance, the surf upon a palm-strewn beach and voices from over the sea's vast sunken rim. It was too much; I got up and walked away. The world is large, but it is smaller than man's imagination. To conquer it physically is a barren accomplishment unless we perceive that the ultimate adventure of romance must tend inevitably to lessen in our minds, and not to increase, the importance of the world itself.

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Which Things are an Allegory

By V. H. Mottram

THE Adversary leant back at ease in his office chair, stretching his limbs in enjoyment under the sumptuous knee-hole pedestal table, and puffing a cigar of exquisite aroma. All about him bespoke opulence and a keen appreciation of elegant luxuriance combined with comfort and well-being. Never before had success so crowned his arduous undertakings, and rightly he took to himself much of the kudos. Not for nothing had he intrigued to gather of the *élite*, the aristocracy of birth, of faith, of wit, and of manners into his entourage. That, and an assured knowledge of the limitations of his subordinates, had developed as fine an organisation as the Universe could show, and the society in the nether world was known, wherever Rumour nodded connoisseur-like over a good thing, as the best club going. No wonder His Majesty was pleased and satisfied.

There was a soft tap at the door, and a servant entered and suggested deferentially that the Majestic Condescension should interview a new retainer. An acquiescent wave of the hand was seen through a wreath of scented smoke. The newcomer was a small, keen-visaged man, alert to observe and record the facts of environment, and he came forward rapidly, not pausing, but nevertheless making an inventory of what he saw about him. He noted with a frown an old-fashioned mercury Fahrenheit thermometer, remarked with disapproval the slightly singed Turkey carpet and the blistering mahogany of the pedestal table, upon which he observed shrivelled quill pens stuck in a rapidly desiccating pewter ink-pot.

His history was known. On earth he had had numerous successful company flotations and long-firm swindles to his credit, and his genius in keeping within the letter of the law might have enabled him, with his riches, to pass through the needle's eye, had not the angel of Death caught him blaspheming. Nevertheless, he looked forward with

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eagerness to a new and useful career among congenial surroundings.

"And what do you propose to do here?" inquired His Majesty. "Every member of society must undergo—I mean to say—must take his place in the—ha—social machine. Perhaps a post in the accountant's office? Your skill in manipulating figures should be useful there." The mild irony passed unnoticed.

"Business," he answered, "never was my *métier*. True, I succeeded beyond others, but I never felt any zest for it. If I might suggest my true avocation, it is to apply experimental research to the methods of business."

"Kindly explain—technical terms change so rapidly that I confess they bewilder me."

"A concrete example will suffice," answered the experimental economist. "On my way to your sanctu . . central office I mean, I saw that the firemen who stoke the Infernal furnaces use an ordinary coal shovel to move the sulphur you burn there. Now every material has its own appropriate shovel. Sulphur and coal are very different substances, and it would be a miracle—I beg your pardon—it would astonish an experimental economist if the efficiency of a labourer were the same using the same shovel for different materials. Let me set to work to find the size and shape of shovel with which the labourer does the maximum amount of work with the minimum fatigue."

"I see," said His Majesty, and summoned a servant. "Put Mr. Knackfuss in charge of the brimstone heavers," he said.

The audience was at an end.

* * * * * *

Next morning Hell was in an uproar. Not only did His Majesty miss his matutinal hot bath and shaving water—a thing unknown for centuries—but the whole complex system of radiators, installed at enormous expense, had been thrown out of gear. The brimstone heavers had struck. Frenzied labour agitators addressed huge mobs at street corners, deputations to the Government demanded the Right to Warmth, and old moth-eaten fur garments commanded an exorbitant price. His Majesty sent for Knackfuss, gently rallied him on his ill-success, and suggested his removal to another department. Knackfuss was

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unabashed. " You see, Sire," he said, " this little *contre-temps* has set me thinking. Your present methods of torture are founded on the physiological research of a hundred years ago. The human body has proved once more its remarkable adaptability to environment. What you want is a new system of torture. It's no use applying to modern physiologists—they are humane. No one practises torture nowadays save psychologists, anti-vivisectionists, and parents, and even they might bring their methods up to date. You should adopt the technique of the Viennese psychologists, who, by a little analysis, can ferret out those secrets that make one blush in bed o' nights. *That's* real torture."

" Do you want apparatus? " asked His Majesty. " Remember, our departmental grant is small."

" Only a few chronoscopes and galvanometers," said Knackfuss. " Doubtless there are psychologists in Hell to help? "

" There are," grimly replied the Adversary, and made the necessary arrangements for the new departure. " Report to me in a fortnight."

Knackfuss left the Presence beaming with pleasurable anticipation.

* * * * * *

Punctually at the end of the stipulated time Knackfuss reappeared. His gait and poise of body had lost their alertness. He seemed shrunken. His garments hung loosely around him, and only his eyes, which glowed in strong contrast to his sallow cheeks, showed any of his old indomitable purpose.

His Majesty was urbanity itself, commented on the experimenter's change of mien, and warned him against the excess of zeal that ruins the efficiency of body.

" How does your research progress? "

" Abject failure," was the retort.

" May I ask the reasons? "

" They are twofold. Material and human. This high temperature upsets the instruments, and perspiration ruins the records of the psycho-galvanoscopes. But worse than that, the psychologists have quarrelled so badly they haven't done a stroke of work."

" What was the bone of their contention? "

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" One lot, the Oxford metaphysicians, said that the metaphysics of experimental psychology is absurd and illogical. The others that Freud's system is manifestly wrong because it assumed that everything is rooted in sex. Idiots. Why do they waste time quarrelling when a little research on such extravagantly good material would settle the matter for all time? Besides," and here he smiled hopefully, " Your Majesty must know that at the bottom of most sins lies sex."

" I have met the theory of the symbolic significance of the Serpent and the Tree of Knowledge," replied the Devil inscrutably. " But we are not here to discuss Freud, but to find some congenial task for idle hands to do. . . ." He paused as if his ear had caught from far off some well-known refrain. " Have you anything to propose? "

" I have had little time for thought this last fortnight. But one thing has struck me. Your population does not show the increase beloved by economists. Millions of immigrants enter Hell each year; no one dies, as a result of admirable climatic conditions. Yet the population of Hell is practically stationary. There must be an enormous leakage somewhere."

The Devil's brow darkened.

" I confess I had overlooked the possibility of anyone's wishing to leave my dominions. This must be stopped. How will you set about it? "

" We must have a card index of the whole population, with finger prints and analyses of the finger prints." Here His Majesty hid the extremities of his upper limbs, perhaps a thought too hurriedly. He was unnecessarily sensitive on the subject. " You know, every human finger print differs from every other. Well, make that the basis of a classification, classify and index our population, insist on knowing where everyone is, and we shall soon evolve a scheme for preventing emigration."

" What clerical assistance will you want? "

" A few first division civil servants and about a thousand second division."

" Just so. Arrangements shall be made. Report one year from date."

* * * * * *

At the end of the year His Majesty commanded an

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audience. An aged, tremulous figure, inert in the extreme, crept into the Presence. Knackfuss stood still with downcast eyes, awaiting the opening words with a passivity that spake of dejection and despair.

" I fear you have again been unsuccessful? "

" Yes."

" Would it be tactless to ask why? "

Knackfuss raised his eyes for a moment: they glowed dully with a smouldering resentment.

" Crass stupidity in everyone I have had to deal with."

His Majesty probed more deeply; he played on his victim's resentment to stimulate him into expression, and succeeded in his endeavours. A torrent of words rushed from Knackfuss's lips.

" Rank and crass stupidity, I repeat. Everywhere wanton and wilful refusal to see an obvious solution of a pressing problem. Educated and uneducated are alike: the former give lying reasons for doing nothing. There is no problem, they say. Or, the time is not ripe. Or it should be solved in some other way. The others, *crétins* and fools, will have nothing to do with new-fangled notions —as if, forsooth, they exclaim, they, who have been centuries at the job, don't know how to manage census returns. Both join and abuse the system as interference with the liberty of the individual; as espionage, violation of the sanctities of family life; as bureaucracy, the thin end of the wedge, the last straw, Socialism, Atheism. The upper classes are compact of mental obtuseness, obliquity, and opacity, or they are intellectual neurasthenics; the lower and middle classes criminal fools, inerts, and mattoids."

" You speak like a born organiser," said His Majesty. " You guarantee the excellence of your schemes? "

" Absolutely."

" You put down your failure to wilful opposition of the clever and mental inertia of the stupid? "

" Yes."

The Devil looked up with a whimsical smile.

" You now know what HELL is. *Continuez, monsieur.*"

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Mr. de la Mare and the Grotesque*

By Storm Jameson

Among men, the artist and the mystic have powers of readiest access to the fount of our life. By virtue of these, the artist speaks to us home. The mystic is often dumb, unable to translate for our eyes the vision imperfectly seen. It is for the artist to illumine man's life from within by fire borrowed from man's common divinity. And since he can thus draw upon the store of mortal experience, he may, though he cannot always, transcend the divisions of race and sex. Reaching into his unconscious knowledge, a man can write of women so that through his words woman is revealed. How else came Hardy to hear and record the letter of despairing adoration that poor Tess wrote to her husband? How else came Mr. de la Mare to understand the shrinkings, the pitiful dreams and secret hopes of his Miss M.? How else did he penetrate with so quick a vision to the heart of a woman's passionate admiration for another woman?

The artist reaches into the hinterland of human thought through the door of his own mind, and his conscious thought colours all he sees. Mr. de la Mare is such an artist. At his approach the world of imagination suffers a change. His eyes catch the grotesque aspect of mortal loveliness, and his ears are attuned to the half-human note that underlies the human voice of the created world. Some part of him is often aloof and unresponsive to the human call, as if the listening spirit were half withdrawn. Throughout his work an elfin mockery peers through the words, with a sidewise glance for the mocker. It is not unkind, Mr. de la Mare is incapable of a sneer; it is the protective irony of a mind compelled to live awry in the procrustean bed of circumstance.

**Memoirs of a Midget.* Collins, 8*s.* 6*d.*

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Viewed thus, from an angle only half human, the world of men and women shows faintly ridiculous, even while it keeps its aspect of courage and loving-kindness. Mr. de la Mare never insists upon the ridiculous aspect of humanity and rarely forgets it, looking at life with a smiling irony which is sometimes uncertain and always self-regarding. The Miss M. of his latest book shows often less like the elf she was than like an ordinary human adrift in a world of monstrous appearances, visited at times by a spirit far greater than her puny body, from which anon it departs, leaving her cowering, afraid, and wretched. She is mean and generous, capable of purest devotion and cruel egoism. Suffering teaches her, and joy escapes her, after the fashion of life. She worships beauty and sees it spoiled and self-defiled, craves kind love and loses that in the instant of achievement. It is as if her creator said: "This Midget is your mirror, discovering to you the whimsicalities of your bearing, which are my very own. Yet is it not a brave puppet?"

Gentle self-mockery pervades even Mr. de la Mare's mystical faith. A mystic he is, for whom the world of appearances exists as the transparent covering of things eternal. His imagination, which, like Blake's, is rather a power of spiritual apprehension, sees nothing in vague shadow, but all in the firm bounding line required by Blake's artistic creed. For him, as for Blake, "a Spirit and a Vision are not, as modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing"; they are passionate realities in a world of unreal show. But Blake was all child and seer, with nothing of the changeling in him. Mr. de la Mare has not retained the stupendous simplicity of Blake—God turning you off a little star—nor does his imagination run upon such monstrous figures as fill out Blake's cosmology. He is at once more human and less simple, seeing the fantastic face of creation more readily than its awful one. There is so much of the faery in him and nothing at all of it in Blake, who is none the more mortal for being less elfin. For Blake, who wrote of humble things with an exquisite tenderness, was never shaken in his conceit of himself; he lived in this world in an arrogant dream and in the other world as an audacious heir. Mr. de la Mare's humility is rooted with his self-mockery; it trammels his

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fantasy, and he is conscious of his mortal weakness all the more sharply that he sees it—sometimes—through the ironic regard of the elf his brother.

There is a deep-rooted and seemingly involuntary melancholy in his art. It is apparent behind his swift smile and behind his passionate adoration of beauty. He would be bitter were he a worse artist and a more worldly thinker. He is sad because he loves beauty with a sharp, intimate love, and can be hurt to the heart by loveliness. His sadness goes deeper than to the gentle Greek melancholy. He grieves little for the passing of beauty; that may be gracious, and at last is dignified by austere death. He grieves because most often beauty is betrayed by the heart that cherished it. It is slain by its own lovers, since human love grows weary and unkind. Or, perhaps, the stroke comes from within, a treachery which lies hid in its own heart, and at last, breaking through, corrupts all, as Miss M. saw Fanny spoiled by the lie bred in her soul. Where a fainter heart would have been embittered by the vision, Mr. de la Mare is compassionate, knowing that the heart which betrays beauty thereby itself loses all. But he is too sensitive to come through the bitter hours unscathed, as even this book can witness, for all its effect of serenity wrested out of heaven knows what strife. "Oh, this everlasting dog-fight between body and mind," cries Fanny; and to Miss M. come hours when the face of creation is darkened, becomes senseless and obscene.

But if Mr. de la Mare is without illusion, as assuredly he is, so far as a man may be free of illusion in a world which is itself Maya, a holy Cheat, he is indeed not without hope, being man as well as elf and having a sure refuge in humanity, which, although mean and puny and cruel, is able to measure the paths of the stars, to suffer all things, to outface pain, to be kind, and to lay aside life for a dream or a word. Mr. de la Mare cannot always take mortal men seriously, but he does not forget that they are to be respected as well as to be pitied. Smiling contemplative elf, he sees through courage and meanness alike to the resolute secret dreamer which is man. Miss M. comes to quiet joy after her frenzy of life, and Fanny weeps for herself in the very hour of her triumphant treachery.

This new book was born out of what is surely the most

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inquiring mind among living English writers. Like a child, Mr. de la Mare questions everything, demanding of each pebble and leaf in his path that it should surrender its immemorial secret. If he had been born in the mediæval age of magic, he would have understood what the birds say (he may to-day, for all I know) and been made Pope or married the King's Daughter, or confounded the Old Sorceress. His mind, regarding the world with a perennial interest, and always a little from one side, pushes him into the most fantastic wayfarings. A word, a fragment of new knowledge, is enough to start it coursing through infinite space. Further and further, " with a heart of furious fancies," he pursues the flying dream until, baffled, he has to return, though not empty-handed, to stand perhaps lost in contemplative joy before a tiny piece of earth, " a holly-tree so marvellously sparkling with waterdrops on every curved spine of it that it took my breath away."

Memoirs of a Midget is the most notable achievement in prose fiction of our generation. A man writing of a woman with intent to penetrate through the shadow show of her adventures to the secret of her attitude to them, is hindered less by any inherent impossibility in the task than by the barriers which his own mind raises against his attempt. He will sometimes achieve complete understanding—when his mind has slipped into that world where all thought is one—and he will sometimes be baffled, imprisoned in his obstinate and inessential maleness. It may be that the diminutive size of Miss M., by allowing her creator to see her always as a little different from other women, removed one barrier. We do not and cannot know; but we do know that Mr. de la Mare has penetrated to the heart of this woman—never more woman than when her bodily insignificance is exaggerated by Fanny's triumphant charm—with an amazing and delicate audacity. He has divined, and conveyed with precision and a charming patience, the most subtle, emotional changes in one woman's adoring affection for another. Fanny must from the first have felt Miss M.'s love as an embarrassing demand, and she was driven to evade an affection she had not the simplicity of heart to return nor the honesty to refuse. Miss M. offered her no placid worship. A goddess might have endured the midget's painful scrutiny with divine and inhuman toler-

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ance, but Fanny was no goddess. Miss M. suffered in loving her. She offered presents and delicate flattery. She wrote letters in which her dread of arousing Fanny's impatient spite kept pace with the half-uttered longing for Fanny's presence. Sometimes, in her pain, she struck out at the lovely mask that made her adoration ridiculous by its unresponsive charm. She showed an elvish malice which is her creator's. She was not blind to Fanny's shortcomings—what woman loving another is thus blind, though her love be as passionately sincere as Miss M.'s for Fanny Bowater? And she was unhappy—save for some moments of perilous joy when Fanny was kind—and she cried out against her pain and hoped and despaired, and in the end saw Fanny clearly, cold, treacherous, self-betrayed, and turned from her without bitterness.

Though Miss M. is as old as the elves, she remains in part a child. Often she is that child which survives in every heart and is hurt and puzzled by sufferings and cruelties it does not understand. Perhaps this childishness is accountable, as much as her absorption in Fanny, for her early attitude to her lover. His passion repels her; dimly she feels what the child guesses and the grown man forgets, that passion is a harsh, searing dream. She shrinks from the experience, and it is not until she has come through on the other side of her admiration for Fanny and her bitter servitude to Mrs. Monnerie that she sees Mr. Anon as other than a spectre making terrifying demands.

She is the most other-worldly person in the book—less by virtue of her faery size than by a quality of aloofness in her manner. She, too, regards her world with a sidewise glance. But almost every other figure in the book had a touch of oddness which sets them apart: they are all fey. Even Fanny, cruel, mocking, cold-hearted Fanny, goes wrapped in a fine hovering glamour. She is a creature of moonlight, with " her pale face, the high cheek, the delicate straight nose, the darkened lips, the slim black eyebrows, the light, clear, unfathomable eyes reflecting the solitude and the thin brilliance of the wood." Mr. de la Mare is less cruel to Fanny than she was to herself, for though he made her lower, oh, much lower than the angels, he made her lovely and brave—an adventurer like her strange father, who haunts the book unseen. Both made a poor

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end, for he died in Buenos Ayres of a broken leg, and she married the detestable Percy. Courage was her highest virtue; caught in the net of a petty and aimless existence, she broke through it with a strange, crafty daring, the caged spirit in her narrow heart looking out with its " bright, hunted, and malevolent stare," torturing itself and her. Once, at least, it is easy to sympathise with her, when she flames suddenly into resentment at the demands made upon her. Why, when people offer love, do they expect to be paid in kind? " Do you really suppose," she cries, " that to be loved is a new experience for me; that I'm not smeared with it wherever I go; that I care a snap of my fingers whether I'm loved or not? " A marvellous sharp stroke, this.

But Fanny is less fey than the others. A dream-like quality belongs to them all. They are like men and women in an enchanted castle to which the affrighted traveller comes at night, sees them living with an intense burning ardour, mingles with them, loves and hates them, and in the morning wakes to find them vanished and himself lying in a roofless ruin, staring at the empty sky. The curate, pale, mournful ghost, with the seeds of tragedy in him; Mrs. Bowater, angular, fantastic, a Victorian monument, austere, dependable, and rooted like an old tree in a wisdom only less formidable than her prejudices; Miss M.'s strange lover; Mrs. Monnerie, that questing creature encased in a huge body. It is as if Mr. de la Mare had felt so sharply the isolation in which men live between birth and death, that he saw all these people as the odd, lonely, seeking beings that they, that all of us indeed are. They are human, but a wistful stranger lives under the humanity they wear, looks out of their eyes, goes away again, and again returns, dumb, pursued, and eternally alone.

Sometimes, as in the story of Miss M.'s frenzied wandering, the dream deepens; the air is filled with the beating of wings, and in the hollow moon-filled sphere a mad creature runs, always seeking, seeking. Again, the dream wears thin, and once tears suddenly across, revealing an eyeless, terrified face. " Then," said Mr. Anon, " do you deny that Man is an evil spirit? He distorts and destroys."

Strangely, the dream-like charm of the story is echoed

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in eight interleaves, in which an artist of like fantastic skill to Mr. de la Mare's own discourses lovingly of such natural magic as toadstools, frost-bitten leaves, berries, cobwebs, and traveller's joy. These, too, are part of the dream.

But it were entirely unfair to dwell overmuch on the fantastic and glamorous aspect of these Memoirs, if in doing so we forgot their humanity. Though indeed it would not be possible to forget it, since at the end it is the tempestuous heart of Miss M., tender, joyous, tormented; the humours of Mrs. Bowater, and the hundred and one revelations of human kindness, courage, folly, and waywardness, wearing the complexity of life itself, and crowding the pages, that linger in the memory.

To measure the achievement of this book is an impertinence in a contemporary. Neither is it possible to imagine what facets of its beauty will most charm later ages. For us its most amazing quality, the quality for which we should feel most gratitude, is its patient craftsmanship. In an age of scamped and hurried work Mr. de la Mare has written a book of such exquisite and finished art that its words have the importance of threads in some tapestry of fabled beauty. It is like the work of those early masters who added with reverence hair to hair on the neat, rounded heads of placid Madonnas. So intricate is the pattern that only arbitrary choice can say: Look at this beauty or at this. Brooding on it, a fresh loveliness stirs in every part. To quote is a poverty-stricken expedient, like offering a single tawny leaf to show the glory of autumnal woods. No, it is not possible to quote. It is possible with justice only to pay tribute to the whole.

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Married Women (iii)*

In the Past—Enslaved
In the Present—Struggling
In the Future—Free

By Dr. Marie Stopes

In the Future—Free.

To avoid misunderstanding on the part of my readers, I must explain at once that the future freedom of which I write is *not* that kind of spurious freedom associated with the oft-used phrase " free love." I imply a thing new and untried on a national scale, but yet foreshadowed by the experience of some few fortunate and happy people in our present civilisation—the freedom of love in true monogamic marriage.

No nation has yet really experimented with life having this ideal as its social kernel. In the modern nations, woman has not yet escaped from the crude anti-Christlike pseudo-Christianity of the early Christian Fathers, and in the Pagan world the ideal of pure monogamic marriage with a free and equal mate, although existing sporadically, never was such a national institution as I postulate for the future of all the higher races. I maintain that from now onwards, and for the next five or ten thousand years, the nations which have as their national standard the really *free* woman in true monogamic marriage will triumph over all other races in their achievement.

If we could peep at her life, in what notable ways would we see this typical flower of womanhood in the future differing from the average woman of to-day?

First she would choose her mate on psychological and physiological grounds, free from the coercive bias of the tradition that she must " establish herself " by marriage, raising herself socially if possible, as she must depend on her husband for the maintenance of herself and of her

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children. On the contrary, she will herself have an independent trade, craft, or profession which she will carry on after her marriage. Perhaps some modification of her hours or mode of work may be arranged, but, at any rate, her life will be ordered in such a way that she will be aware that the work of her own hands or brain supplies her with food and maintenance, even if the task of running the joint home is her share of the mutual work of the new partnership.

As a mother she will choose the times and seasons of her motherhood. This greatest service which she can do the State will not be demanded of her at haphazard and coercively. She will have full knowledge, which she will exercise, of the Control of Conception. Unless her line is tainted, she will not cut off the line of descent, but will use this knowledge to weld the links she forges in the racial chain of the strongest and best material which she is capable of producing. The enslaved woman of the past (often bearing eight to twenty children) perhaps saw but two or three of them reach maturity. The free and self-determining mother of the future will bear but two or three, only quite exceptional women will have six or more children, and, barring a few tragedies and accidents, every mother will see all her children reach healthy maturity.

The wife was earning her bread when, as a bride, she freely chose her mate. In so far as her motherhood interferes with her power to continue to earn her bread in that same way, society will compensate her and temporarily will pay her *the same wage* for her service as a mother that she received for her service to the community as a cook, stenographer, lawyer, or whatever she might have been. Thus she as an individual will not suffer personal degradation by lack of funds as a result of her motherhood.

Who, then, shall keep the children? *Both* she and her husband. Every sweetest and soundest instinct in man urges him to work for his wife and children, and such instinct will be strengthened and developed to the point of getting him to share in the interminable strain of unpaid home-work. The bearing and rearing of children are *mutual* tasks, and the free mother of the future will not permit (as did the enslaved mother of the past in exchange for often quite inadequate bread and butter contributed by the father) the loss of her ownership, the loss of her power

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to contribute to her children's welfare. The producing and rearing of children are the mutual lifelong concern of the mated pair. To compensate the woman for the extra physical work involved by the young infant in the daily details of life, the father must do as much as he can to share the physical burden. But no free wife of the future will ever consent to be economically dependent on an arbitrary individual man, in such a way as to be tied to him solely for economic reasons, or because she would lose her children if she separated from him.

The true monogamic marriage is a lasting, a lifelong relation, but the force which welds it is a subtle internal valency of the parts—not a crude external bond.

In such mating with the completed feminine personality, as free and independent as himself, like unto himself in the potentialities of an individual, yet ever exquisitely dissimilar, man will find the solution of the sex troubles which have haunted him through the centuries. He will escape the unutterable boredom of the Roman matron or the Early Victorian housewife, in whom the qualities of a human being were sheared away in the supposed interests of her wifehood and motherhood, and whose consequent warping led man into a quagmire of a thousand racially detrimental courses.

Some may say the scheme I picture differs but little from the type of marriage already in existence to-day, when, for instance, a couple of young professional men and women marry. Actually it differs essentially: for the best development of such young people in our community is thwarted by innumerable difficulties they had not foreseen contingent on the bearing of children, the lack of service and provision for the wife's maternity. At present all these and other prosaic things sober and often break an ardently buoyant pair who try to live up to a high ideal of the marriage relation. The comparatively few pioneering men and women we have now are trying to adapt their new standards to the arrangements of a community still mostly made to fit conditions in which wives are enslaved: hence the working and independent wife has to bear almost superhuman burdens both to achieve success in her profession and to rear a family in a community which still penalises the race-producers.

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The free and happy mother of the future will be a centre of light and joy, of creative power consciously used. Her interests and capacities as an individual human being will not be damaged and crushed out by the burden of motherhood, nor will her motherhood be weakened and rendered profitless and puny by the impoverishment of her own life. Her achievements will be, not subservient, but contributory to her motherhood. The race which is released from the staggering burden of the ill-health, anguish, and wasteful inhibitions of the present will step forward so far in advance of the races borne by enslaved mothers as to enter a fresh cycle of evolution.

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The Reaper

By Dorothy Easton

MILGATE is a rich farmer, owning his own machines; not like those poorer, smaller men who hire an engine from a neighbour. He has his reaping machine, a red and yellow " Walter Wood " Cleveland brand. Every morning now, as soon as it's dry enough, about nine o'clock, the engine starts, and from the farmer's Manor House its heavy, drowsy sounds are heard. For those on the machine the noise is harder. The only human sound that penetrates it is the old conductor's " Ohoy ! " to the driver if the canvas sticks, or if weeds are making a " block." Then the young man in front slows his engine down, and wipes his forehead with his hand. Reaping goes on until nine at night.

No strange workman sits on the reaper, but one of Milgate's best men, the most trustworthy, most faithful—the waggoner; a man well over sixty, with side-whiskers, grey eyes, a long nose, and forehead and chin carved out of granite. On his head a flat " wide-awake " hat, on his bent back a white jacket. When he speaks, his mouth moves sideways first; there's always a spot of dried blood on his lip; when he smiles a tooth-stump appears like an ancient fossil. He talks slowly, stopping to spit now and then; every day of his life he gets up at half-past three. Now, mounted on the high iron seat (a crumpled sack for saddle), he rides like some old charioteer, a Hercules with great bowed back, head jutting out, chin straight; a hard, weathered look about his face, and in his heart disgust—this year, for the first time, they are using a motor engine to pull the reaper round instead of horses. He lives for his horses; he's the " Waggoner," they are his " job "; if one falls ill, he sleeps with it. He believes in horses; but, speaking of the motor, he says: " She's arlraight—when she's arlraight ! " with a look which ends the sentence for him ! In his youth he had reaped with a scythe.

This " Walter Wood " is a neat arrangement, you can't deny that; one bit of mechanism works as a divider, while

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a big, light kind of wooden windmill arrangement, continually revolving, beats the corn down into a flat pan from which it's carried, on a canvas slide, up an incline, then shot over and down the other side in one continual long, flat stream like yellow matting. And then the needle, the "threadle" as he calls it, nips in somewhere, binding the flat mass into separate, neat, round sheaves, pitched out every few moments with perfect precision by a three-pronged iron fork. Above the one big, heavy central wheel the charioteer is shaken and jolted from nine till nine. In front, on another iron seat by the boxlike engine, the driver works. Behind runs a red-faced labourer "clearing corners." The motor has to run out the full length of its cogged iron wheel bands before it can turn, and sheaves dropped on the last round get in the way; so at each corner they have to be lifted and set back. The labourer "clears," then runs after the machine—now half-way up the field—stops at the next corner, stoops once more to lift and shift three sheaves, then runs again.

This labourer was a man of forty with a face as naïve as a boy of fifteen. Though getting bald, his eyes were young; his mouth loose, untrained as a child's. He's "touched," as we say, and had never really grown up. He slept in an attic, ate in a kitchen, and worked, but was not "responsible"; he was always given "light jobs"—walking with the "clappers," weeding, cleaning sties, "clearing." His greatest friend was a boy of twelve; on Sundays they'd laugh for an hour at nothing. Going to the coast for the first time last year, he was so taken by a Punch and Judy show that he never saw the sea. His smile was the most ridiculous thing in the world. He blushed continually, panted, grinned like some boy caught kissing, and was always apologetic. Lightning made him hide his head, and he was afraid of engines—their regularity upset him. Running behind the reaper—this quick-moving, noisy thing smelling of oil, made up of sliding chains—appalled him; there were five wheels at an angle, and all the time an oil-wet, black, flat, chain-band ran round over them! Underneath, the heavy central wheel ran round and round! To the imbecile the waggoner's courage appeared supernatural.

There should have been another man to take two

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corners, but all hands were wanted; so the labourer had to run all day. It was hot, no wind, no shade. If he looked up for a moment, the hills and distant elms appeared bright blue. The big field itself was ablaze with colour; wheat like brown burnt amber, poppies, small white daisies, thistles. When the engine stopped the only sounds were plaintive, anxious bird-calls from the centre of the field; sometimes a rabbit or a hare looked out, then bolted back. Once five graceful, sleek, brown pheasants ran out towards the hedge, then lost their nerve, turned and went running back. The sun shone steadily; sheaves picked up by the labourer made his hands smell oily, their string band raised a blister on his forefinger. Very often he grabbed hold of nettles and sharp thistles, and the backs of his hands were swollen and covered with stings. Blue butterflies twirled in front of his face, pale moths flew out. When his hat fell off he had no time to get it. The sweat ran down his egg-shaped forehead to his long, square, hairy chin (though he could shave himself on Sundays, he looked a little like a monkey).

When the engine stuck, the waggoner asked in his slow, flat voice:

"Woan't she speak?"

"She's not comin' out!" was the youth's reply.

Once the driver was thrown up a foot when the motor went over a hole. He yelled: "Men are often killed by the reaper." The imbecile got the startled look of a child seeing snakes at the Zoo. Each time the engine snorted, or the waggoner called out "Ohoy!" a spurt of sweat ran down his spine; the blood was beating in his head; the sun shone mercilessly on his pale, bald patch; the field began to bounce before his eyes, bloodshot from stooping. When yards of bindweed shackled the machinery, the waggoner just turned his head—a sign—for the labourer, who had to run, had to catch and tear away the long green chains full of small pink flowers.

By four o'clock they were overtaking him before he got round; the driver had to turn more sharply, the canvas stuck.

"Doan you do that agen!" the old waggoner scolded with stern eye; "you'll tourn us oover!"

The engine stuck when they tried to start again; for half

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an hour the young driver tinkered with tools from the box, unscrewing small oily " nuts," testing " wires," feeling " levers," and in desperation wiping his black, dripping hands on his hair. Twenty times he turned the " starting handle," but " she wouldn't speak ! " Then suddenly, with a sound like a pistol-shot, the engine " fired," the machine ran backwards, upsetting the labourer, and before he could move, the central wheel ran over his ankles.

When the imbecile came to himself they were still at the corner, his feet were tied up in a jacket, he was suffering horribly, yet seemed unable to focus it; but seeing the red and yellow reaper standing close beside his head, some memory soaked his face with sweat; he fainted.

Brandy was fetched; they had lifted him on to a hurdle when he recovered again. The whole group were still at the corner. His employer stood there, stout, well-dressed, and anxious, in his grey felt hat, dark coat and trousers; the driver stood there, too, and the old waggoner. Corn was still " up " in the middle of the field. The labourer looked surprised at seeing sky before him; as a rule when he stared he saw fields. He turned his face; the men watching saw his round, boyish eyes project at sight of something red and wet and sticky (like the mess they made out sheep-killing) splashed on the stubble, while two broken boots lay oozing the same stuff in a large pool of it. Following this look, the old waggoner said slowly:

" Ei, me boy, they'm youers. . . ." Tears were running down his stiff, dried cheeks.

" How d'you feel? " asked the farmer. His labourer blushed, then whispered to the waggoner:

" What's 'appened, Mister Collard? "

" Why, you've a-loarst your feet."

For yet another minute the imbecile lay panting, shy, self-conscious under his master's eye—until an idea struck him; once more whispering to the waggoner, he said:

" 'Elp me oop. I'll get 'ome, Willy."

" You carn't walk," said the old man simply. " You carn't walk no moar."

Black hairs stiffened suddenly on the idiot's chin; he had understood that in those bleeding, mangled boots his feet were lying; he began to cry. But then, catching sight of his master, smiled as though to apologise——

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THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

The Contemporary Theatre

By Horace Shipp

We optimistically postponed from our April issue consideration of both the Shaw season of plays at the Everyman Theatre and the Galsworthy cycle at the Court, in the belief that both theatres would have their interesting work in full swing at the publication of this issue. The optimism was justified. As I write the Hampstead house is presenting *Getting Married* and announcing *Misalliance*, while at the Court the reception of the Galsworthy plays is ensuring the continuance of the season, and a new work, *Windows*, is promised. With *Loyalties* flourishing at the St. Martin's, and *Defeat* announced in a *matinée* bill at the Everyman, Galsworthy is strongly represented at the London theatres. The truth is that, in so far as we have achieved an art of the theatre in this country, it harmonises with Galsworthy's themes and technique. Galsworthy's success is as a not-too-real realist. The degree and quality of his realism find excellent support in the best English stage setting and acting; its perfect discretion, the implicit assurance that whatever life-likeness is demanded will never overstep the bounds of good taste—these things bring a pleasure for which your average English theatre-goer will gladly sacrifice basic conviction.

As dramatic craftsman Galsworthy seldom errs. His plays always have more than plot: they have theme. His characters have just enough of type to give them significance without rendering them in any way abstract. With our feet well on the rather expensive Turkish carpet with which our dramatist softens the earth, we may pursue that greatest study of mankind. We pity (always an enjoyable emotion) the creatures whom he depicts as the victims of institutions, for institutions are always his villains. But we look in vain for the individual big enough to mould

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the institutions. This tyranny of institutions renders the plays fundamentally pessimistic, and even when Galsworthy creates a character whom we know would prove greater than environment, he holds to his method. Ferrand, as depicted in *The Pigeon* (and splendidly acted by Ernest Thesiger) would have moulded institutions; he is a strong man in a play wherein Galsworthy's penchant for portraying weakness becomes an active fault. Ostensibly a play of ideas in conflict, the theme is vitiated by the fact that the characters hold no real brief for the tenets which constitute their dramatic purpose.

There is, it must be admitted, a lack of inspiration in the actual productions at the Court which tends to prosiness: the painted river on the backcloth, for example, and like anachronisms of stage art. And was Mr. Galsworthy, Miss Muriel Pratt herself, or the producer responsible for the conception of the flower girl which bordered on inanity?

With Mr. Shaw's characters the case is entirely otherwise. Shaw's people live in a world of sheer intellect, his conflicts are conflicts of ideas, his passions are cerebral. The dramatist has one gospel: the power of mind over matter. He will have no truck, therefore, with the doctrine of vicarious damnation. He projects a waiter, a greengrocer, a coal-merchant's wife, a butler to whom the institutions of society are tools. Those which serve they use; those which run counter to their wills they break. Shaw, the Nietzschean, does not ask you to pity the weaklings; their defeat by the strong and purposeful constitutes his comedy. Comparison has been made between his comment on the prison system in *Fanny's First Play* and Galsworthy's in *Justice*. The comparison is hardly wise, in that the prison idea was mere machinery with Shaw's play of emancipation, while with Galsworthy it was the whole theme, but it serves here to illustrate my point. Social disaster cannot touch a Margaret Knox; it can only discover her—she is fundamentally self-governed, and of such is the kingdom of Shaw's heaven. While Mr. Galsworthy asked our pity for weakness, Shaw asks our admiration for strength. In a world where most people are mental and moral cripples the hospitals of Mr. Galsworthy are equally necessary with the gymnasia of Shaw.

The production and acting at Hampstead may claim

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the virtue of imposing nothing between the audience and the dramatist's purpose. Sometimes one feels that the playing is too slow and heavy and that the sets are rather more " safe " than imaginative, but these limitations leave the work to Shaw, who may be safely trusted to fill his own bill.

Under existing economic conditions experimental work in the English theatre is largely in the hands of producing societies, and a new organisation, The Fortune Players, made its *début* with a bill of *Cleopatra in Judea*, by Arthur Symons, and *Shakespeare*, by Clifford Bax and Harold Rubinstein. Both plays in their different ways were literary rather than theatrical, but we welcomed the opportunity to see on the stage the *Shakespeare* which has created so much interest in book form.

An interesting comparison in stage-craft was afforded me by the revival of *The Yellow Jacket* at the Kingsway. I recently saw this play in Amsterdam, and the Dutch actors, scenic artists, and producer had emancipated themselves much more than their English *confrères* from the naturalism of the West. Since the whole interest of the play really lies in its employment of the Chinese method of production, it can be easily elevated to a poem or reduced to a parody by the stage art employed, and one could not but feel that in England the production was as realistic as possible within the limitations of the text. Nevertheless, its reappearance proved a break from the ordinary theatre fare.

The mention of Amsterdam leads one to the Exhibition which will, we hope, be opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum at the beginning of June. The public appeal made for funds to bring the Exhibition to this country has met with a gratifying response, which shows how pronounced an interest there is in the art of the theatre. More money is still needed, however, and there are probably some who would be reminded that Lord Howard de Walden as treasurer of the Fund will be glad to hear from them.

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The Irishman in the Theatre

By E. Graham Sutton

To produce modern Irish comedy to English audiences is like singing them comic songs in a strange tongue. They will laugh, because for some obscure reason foreigners have long been registered as a reliable joke; they will laugh also at the singer's own mannerisms, at his command of comic gesture; they may even laugh, by a happy coincidence, in the right place; but if they laugh with any frequency for the right reason—then he may count himself not only a great artist, but an extremely lucky man. So with the Irish plays; for an *habitué* of the Abbey Theatre, to attend the West End revival of an Irish comedy is like seeing a new play, or the old play in a bad foreign translation. His fellow-auditors laugh at the accent, because it is unfamiliar; at the "glory-be-to-gods," because an Englishman happens to say "By Jove"; at the bulls, which they assume are unintentional; at the funny faces which Mr. Arthur Sinclair or Miss Maire O'Neill know so well how to make. The one kind of point at which they will *not* laugh is that over which the ex-Abbey auditor rocks in embarrassed solitude. They are very serious over that; they wonder why it was put in; they ponder it deeply between acts, and are inclined to ascribe it to the Celtic Twilight.

Why? The answer is rooted in tradition, that key to so many enigmas of the theatre. The average London playgoer, prompted by the professors, has long accepted Abbey comedy as a form of literature; but he is still unprepared to accept it as a picture of Irish life, because he knows Irish life is not in the least like that. His family has been studying the stage-Irishman ever since his grandfather was first taken to *The Green Bushes*, or his father to *The Colleen Bawn*; he is still studying him, and finds him little changed. Does not Sir James Barrie, most reactionary of dramatists, present him annually in the person of Smee? (Last year I heard Smee played with

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a Scots accent—an indescribably bizarre effect and the last touch needed to dissociate him utterly from Irish life.) Press the claims of the Abbey movement as you will; cite all the West End " seasons " of Irish players; make full allowance for the fact that the modern comedies of stage-Irish sentiment—the *Pat-o'-My-Hearts* and *Peggy-the-Next-Worst-Things*—are slightly less remote from reality than *The Shaughraun*; you will still have to admit that the popular English notion of Irish character is drawn from the stage-Irishman of Boucicault, not from the real Irishman of Lady Gregory, of the late J. M. Synge, of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

And here the irony in which the situation abounds finds first expression. Who began this gross falsification which the last three generations of English audiences have so delighted to honour? Who first made English holiday out of this butchery of Irish life? You might suppose, the English theatre; but it is not so. The stage-Irishman from first to last is almost exclusively the creation of Irish playwrights. The type was standardised (though not invented) by the late Dion Boucicault in the 'sixties; to find stage forbears for it in such characters as Sir Lucius O'Trigger were perhaps fanciful, but in another field Charles Lever and his fellow-novelists had already pointed the way; *Charles O'Malley* was dramatised immediately, and Lover's *Rory O'More* had enjoyed an immense success at the Adelphi a year or two before. Earlier still, the stage-Irishman was foreshadowed in Maginn's novels and in some plays of Sheridan Knowles; even the semi-canonised Tom Moore may be fairly charged with having had a hand in him—Tom Moore, the supreme type of pseudo-Irish man of letters, who sang mournfully of Erin's sorrows and general picturesqueness, but took care to live " far from the land " of which he wrote. Almost the only famous English exponent of the stage-Irish cult has been John Baldwin Buckstone, a Londoner born and bred, whose *Green Bushes*, produced at the Adelphi in 1845, is a favourite in Ireland to this day.

For indeed, the most patriotic Irish critic cannot pretend that the stage-Irishman was manufactured simply for the export trade. At the Queen's Theatre (the Elephant and Castle of the Irish capital) he still flourishes like an

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unnaturally green bay tree—or did until last year, when the old place was turned into a picture-house. Dublin out-Levered London in this respect; for the Queen's casts were composed of stage-Irishmen entirely, save for the villains—English baronets, of course. From the type's survival there, as well as from the preponderance of Irish playwrights in the creation of it, anyone unversed in melodramatic ways might be tempted to argue that the stage-Irishman must be the real Irishman, after all. The defence is worthless. No melodrama audience, English or Irish, cares two orange-pips for reality where an old-established convention is concerned. Whether indeed the stage-Irishman has ever had any connection with reality—whether Micky Free is not as mythical as Captain Macmorris—is a debatable question over which I have known Irishmen of a past generation shake their heads; the point is that although in modern Irish life he is as extinct as the victims of St. Patrick, on the stage he is applauded as vociferously by one nation as by the other. He survives in Irish melodrama precisely as the " English sailor " (devoted to his mother, expert in hornpipes, faithful to his country lass) survives in the melodramas of England; and from this shameful parallel the patriotic Irish realist must derive what consolation he can.

All this is an old cry. Its modern application lies in the subtle influence which the old school is beginning to exercise over the new. Within twenty years, since their first London season, the Abbey players have nearly achieved that superhuman feat, the disruption of a stage tradition. The stage-Irishman, though not dead, is visibly failing—wilting from year to year before the advance of the new Irish players and dramatists. Tragedy led the attack on him by suggesting that Irish country life is not always rollickingly absurd. But the first Irish tragedies were for the elect—a hole-and-corner victory; the new comedy went further and achieved a *succès d'estime*, which means (translated into terms of the London theatre) that they were considered highbrow without being too depressing. And as long as the Irish players kept to repertory seasons, so long did their art retain its edge, constant change of bill preserving the tradition of Abbey acting, just as the interchange of several razors preserves the temper of each.

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Not till the players became popular enough to essay long runs did that fine temper fail. Then came reaction. London audiences, freed from the necessity to regard Irish comedy as an exotic, began to take it popularly, with old memories of the stage-Irishman qualifying their first mystic admiration. Producers pandered to them (even Mr. Fagan, who has more *flair* for casting plays than for producing them, made the mistake of presenting *John Bull's Other Island* with its innate bitter flavour left out). Players themselves, who had been proof against such influences while keeping to repertory, were to some extent demoralised by long runs like that of *The Whiteheaded Boy*; they felt, subconsciously I dare say, that they were not quite all that was expected of them; they remembered or were reminded of the rollicking, kindly, sentimental Irishman whom they had superseded; they began, the least bit in the world, themselves to rollick, to distil the syrup of human kindness, to be as sentimental as the somewhat grim texture of their material allowed. . . .

There were degrees, of course. Some succumbed more easily than others. Mr. Arthur Sinclair was too burly to rollick physically, even in *The Whiteheaded Boy*; but he rollicked by insinuation, to the immense satisfaction both of himself and his audience. But then Mr. Sinclair is frankly out to capture the English vote; even in Dublin in the old days, fine artist though he was and is, he used to insist on spoiling the last moments of the *Playboy* by drunken antics. Miss Maire O'Neill (alas! for shades of Pegeen Mike and Nora) began the run of *The Whiteheaded Boy* as an Irishwoman, and ended it with the top-o'-the-morning jollity of a comic charwoman in a Boucicaultian farce. On the other hand, Miss Sara Allgood's loyalty to Irish life is rocklike, though as she chiefly plays emotional parts her temptations are less. Mr. Arthur Shields and Mr. Parker Lynch are too young to have lost that plaintive melancholy which stamps all their work; while they retain it, their art will remain untainted. Mr. Fred O'Donovan is another loyalist; he conceives his characters without illusion; I don't suppose he would " adapt " his Christy or Keegan to the English conception if he played them in England for fifty years; in the latter *rôle* at the Court this very constancy made his interpretation seem

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sentimental, because it was thrown out of focus by the industrious hilarity of the rest of the cast; yet he played the part line for line as he had often played it at the Abbey, where it was redolent of ironic comedy, as it ought to be.

And what of the future? Are we to have short repertory seasons of Irish acting, or long runs in which the reality and the travesty shake hands, as they began to do in *John Bull's Other Island* and *The Whiteheaded Boy*? As I write * Miss Allgood, in a season at the Ambassadors which may be continued later, nightly fortifies my argument by staging a short series of Abbey plays untainted by English "adaptation." Ought we to wish them monetary success? Perhaps not; for if long runs of Irish plays become the fashion, they may suffer an £ *s. d.*-change into something rich and . . . strange indeed to the old Abbey tradition. The stage-Irishman is not so dead but he may come into his own again, and the whirligig of time bring in his revenges; in which case it will be as hard for lovers of the Abbey Theatre, as for Lady Gregory's hero, to know "what might happen to it before it has gone through its life, or who will be who in the end."

* March.

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Caviare

By Hermon Ould

Two years ago I found myself unexpectedly in an old army hut perched halfway up one of the mountains of the Vosges. An inn which had once stood there had been reduced by the war to a scrap-heap, and the proprietor had put this hut in its place to serve as a temporary guest-house. The woody smell of the rooms, the primitive comfort, the kindliness of my Alsatian hosts—these things and the wonder of the hills are a lingering memory; but even more vivid is the remembrance of one of the guests, an old lady out of whose eyes shot the fieriest glance I have ever known. She discoursed at every meal-time, in French or German as suited her listeners, and the subject of her discourse was always Dr. Rudolf Steiner, who to her was quite clearly the greatest sage of our times. She spoke of his many activities, his innumerable followers, of the Goetheanum then being built, of which " chaque pierre a une signification occulte." He was not, I learned, a Theosophist in the Besant sense, but a Christian mystic having affinity with the Rosicrucians. Other followers of Dr. Steiner came to this improvised inn and shared the fiery old lady's unshakable belief in the wisdom of the doctor, in the profundity of his written works, and the importance of getting to know them.

Two years later I find myself in possession of *Four Mystery Plays*, by Rudolf Steiner. Their titles are *The Portal of Initiation*, *The Soul's Probation*, *The Guardian of the Threshold*, and *The Soul's Awakening*; they cover 560 pages and are published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam Sons. I give all these details so that anybody whose interest has been quickened by this man, whose power to influence many hundreds of thousands of people cannot be doubted, may try to get to the heart of his teaching by reading these plays. I repeat: " Try." I have tried, perseveringly, and have failed, abjectly.

A preface tells us that Dr. Steiner's habit is to write

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a play whilst the rehearsals are actually in progress, finishing it a few days before the first public performance. Only the greatest of dramatists could adopt such a method of working and succeed; and however great a thinker Dr. Steiner may be, it is quite certain that he is a very poor playwright. These four plays have practically no form at all. They are a series of dialogues, with interpolated verses, in which it is possible that some occult idea is exhaustively developed; but, since the drama form was chosen, and since the plays were written for performance in a theatre, one is justified in judging them according to the criteria which govern the art of the theatre.

The Prelude is in prose, and two women, employing exactly the same characterless idiom, express themselves in this fashion:

> SOPHIA: . . . And while we consider our ideas such, that without vital realisation of them life has no valid foundations, we nevertheless try most earnestly not to over-estimate the value of the individual, who has been permitted to become an instrument for the manifestation of this view of life.
>
> ESTELLA: All that sounds very well, but it does not remove my one suspicion. I cannot close my eyes to the fact, that a world-view which ascribes to itself illimitable depth must needs lead by the circuitous route of a mere appearance of such depth to a certain superficiality.

And so on for many pages. Of the blank verse chosen for the greater part of the plays here is a random specimen:

> HIEROPHANT. (*Alone*).
>
> This youthful mystic will not be to blame,
> Who hopes this day to dedicate himself
> Unto the wisdom, if in these next hours
> A wrong emotion, such as may gush out
> Unheeded from his heart, should throw its rays
> Upon our sacred rite, and in this act
> Should through our symbols draw nigh spirit-spheres
> Whence ill results in consequence must flow
> Into the current of our human life.

To comment upon this dramatic piece of writing would be to destroy its flavour. It is possible that these four plays enshrine a great philosophy of life; but that does not warrant the author in using a medium for which he has no aptitude.

By a coincidence, four other plays, not lacking mystery, came my way at the same time as Dr. Steiner's—*Four Plays for Dancers*, by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan). The two authors stand in striking contrast to each other. Whereas

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Costume Design by Edmond Dulac, for the Old Man, in At the Hawk's Well (W. B. Yeats).

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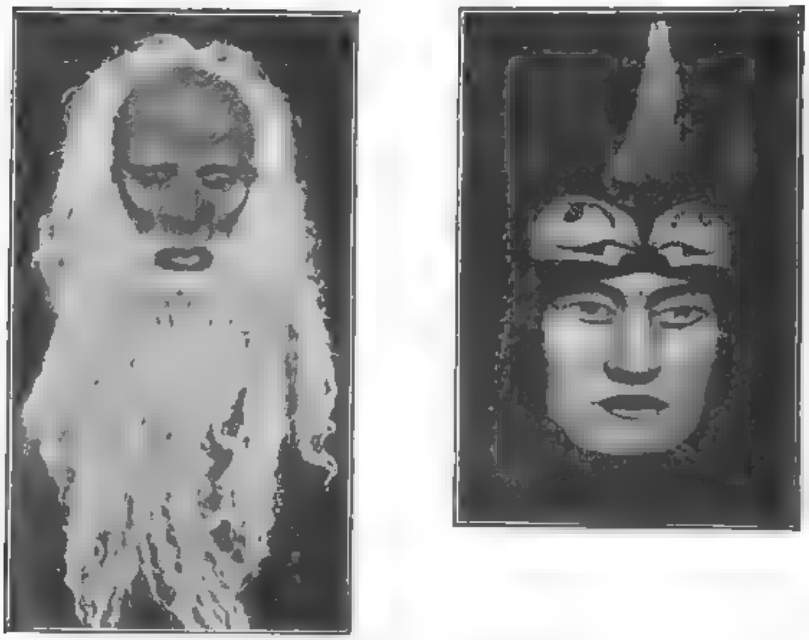

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Masks designed and made by Edmond Dulac, for At the Hawk's Well (W. B. Yeats).

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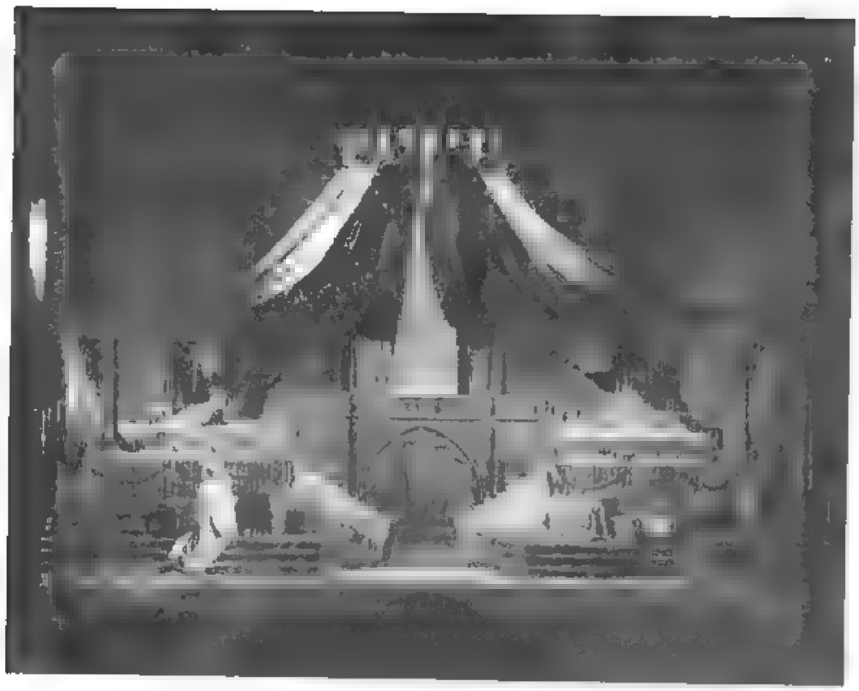

Setting by Emil Pirchan for Schreker's Opera Der Schatzgraeber (Berlin State Opera House, April, 1922).

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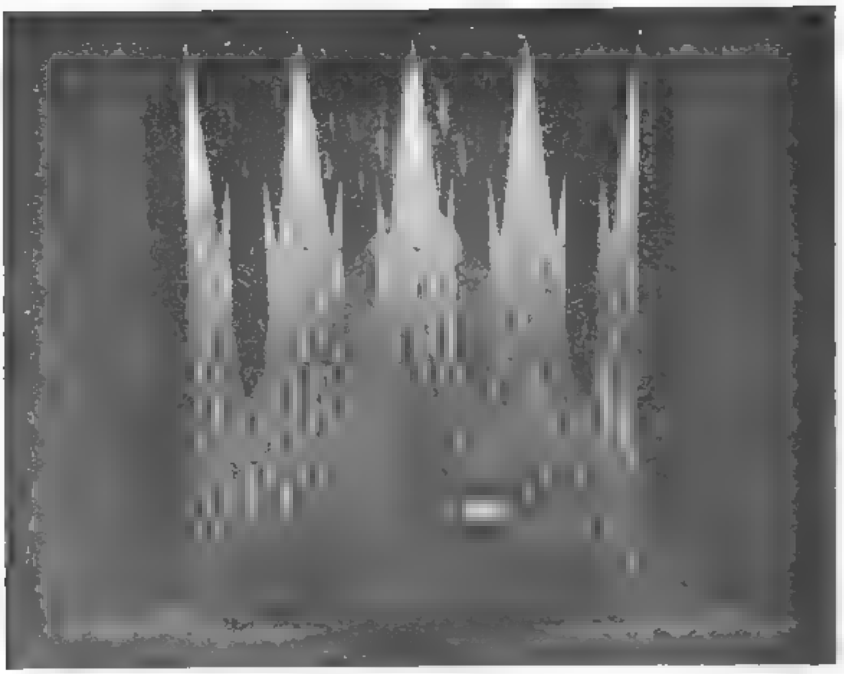

Setting by Emil Pirchan for Schreker's Opera Der Schatzgraeber (Berlin State Opera House, April, 1922).

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Dr. Steiner roams over hundreds of pages and achieves neither atmosphere nor drama, Mr. Yeats, imprisoning each of his fancies within the limit of something like a score of pages, achieves both. His medium is no more conventional than Dr. Steiner's, for although it casts a wistful eye at the Noh plays of old Japan, the finished work is so unmistakably Yeatsian, and the atmosphere so peculiarly his own Celtic twilight, that Japan can claim to have furnished nothing but a hint.

Of these four plays only one, *At the Hawk's Well*, has been performed, in a drawing-room. Mr. Edmund Dulac's designs for the masks and costumes are reproduced in the book, together with an account of the performance, and it is therefore possible to get some idea of the practicability of what is virtually a new form. Mr. Yeats, in his quest after Reality, will have no truck with realism. His actors are to wear masks, or at least to have their faces painted to resemble masks, " that all may be as artificial as possible." There shall be no setting in the usual sense, but only a patterned screen; no curtains, but only a black cloth which shall be unfolded by the " Musicians." The movements of the actors shall be conventionalised and their words shall be uttered in time with music played on unfamiliar instruments. The songs sung by the musicians are for the creating of atmosphere and the words are quite arbitrary, having the character of an incantation. By these means something is created which does not hold the mirror up to Nature, but which may reflect the more intimate workings of the hidden self. It is a method which would only be safe in the hands of a poet: a misplaced word, releasing the springs of laughter, might well shatter the most delicate poetic structure. *The Yellow Jacket*, which is a travesty of the method, shows how easily it can be guyed. But that is not a reason for denying its validity. The first requisite is a suitable building—that chamber theatre for which so many plays are waiting to be written; the second, the playwright—Mr. Yeats himself; the rest—actors, designers of masks and costumes—will not be slow to follow.

Mr. Dulac's masks for *At the Hawk's Well*, photographs of which we are happy to give in this number, will be on show in the International Theatre Exhibition when it comes to the Victoria and Albert Museum in June.

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"The Singing Duck"

By S. O.

MR. COCHRAN, most genial of showmen, in getting into a bait over dramatic criticism, threatens to do the Theatre a real service. True, his business is quantity, not quality, and so he has taken to advertise the critics for presuming to dislike his "singing duck," to which he expected the gentlemen who don't pay for their tickets to play goose. Hence the pother. Critics are human. That duck just tipped the balance of the most tolerant criticism in Europe, and to the general astonishment the critics tried to wring that beasticle's neck.

It is an entertaining paradox. As a rule, our critics *only* criticise serious plays; the duck species, the musical comedy blend, melodrama, the machine piece, these they conspire to "let off" as if in despair at their own competence; and as this line constitutes 80 per cent. of theatrical productions, their work as critics is practically reduced to "notices," recapitulating the plot with kindly references to the triumphs of this or that actor and to the dresses. As a result, criticism has almost vanished. It is only when Bernard Shaw appears that the critics, so to speak, mobilise. Then they attack, as witness the onslaughts on *Heartbreak House*. Intellect on the stage seems to rouse their dormant faculties to revenge. It is as if they had to show good—at the expense of the playwright. Their attitude appears to be dictated by three degrees, somewhat as follows:—

(1) Musical comedy—criticism superfluous, therefore no criticism. (2) Melodrama, the actor-made play, any play not ambitious intellectually—be kind. (3) The intellectual play, thus Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg, etc.—freedom; therefore fix bayonets, and if any author tries to get away from the stock technique of the drama—bombs, gas, poison.

And so *Will Shakespeare*, surely the most intellectual play yet written by a woman, which contained a superb

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exhibition of acting by Haidee Wright, caught the full blast of critical animosity, and died, greatly to our national disgrace. The critics won't have the serious play. They regard Shaw as fair game. They are themselves, as critics, only serious over serious works, and the effects are disastrous. It means that the intelligent play has to run the gauntlet. It means that the theatre's chief enemy is quality.

What of the public? Unfortunately, the public follows the critics. Since the war it has largely lost its own critical faculty; it is a different public. When Mr. Ajax, say, whets his knife on *Will Shakespeare* people reason: " Ajax ought to know. Better keep away." Now what the public does not know is that Mr. Ajax is only exercising his legitimate rights of criticism on *Will Shakespeare*, because his intellect clashes with the author's, such being human nature, whereas a poor or purely conventional play is " let off " by Mr. Ajax: who thus is not fair to the public. To be fierce *only* about intellectual plays shows bias; it is also unintelligent. Yet this is the problem, and that is why actor-managers and producers when they get hold of a good thing usually pass it on. The crisis in theatreland is twofold. First, it is due to the speculative rents of theatres; secondly, it is due to this want of real criticism of poor plays and fierce criticism of good or ambitious plays—a distinction not realised by the public. The commercialisation of the theatre is thus rampant. Any good play is certain to be attacked—thus *The Daisy* (a serious piece of art in spite of inequalities), which was slaughtered —and as rents are ludicrously high, the risk dare not be borne. It is a vicious circle.

So long, of course, as the theatre is treated merely as entertainment and theatrical criticism is supposed to outline the story of the play rather than criticise it, this state of things will continue, and the crisis will be a " constant " to the detriment of art, authors, and the public, until speculators clear out of the theatres or we get a sound Repertory Theatre started; but this latter remains a hypothesis. For the moment Mr. Cochran's wrath is sufficient, for critically he is right. His " Duck " is entertainment, not an intellectual projection; therefore it belongs to degree one, in which criticism abdicates. To criticise that Duck, like Shaw or *Will Shakespeare*, is not playing the game. He

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is annoyed. " You will, will you? " says he. " Good. I'll advertise you," and forthwith the critics find themselves, side by side with Selfridge's goods, before the eyes of the multitude. It ought to do them good.

Now, if the critics were to state that this or that play was worthy of criticism, and that consequently they were " going " for it, as an intellectual exercise, all right, nobody could complain; but they don't tell us when they are really sufficiently interested to criticise; they leave it to the discernment of readers who naturally cannot be expected to differentiate between Ajax as critic and Ajax as recorder, and so the mischief is done. But they cannot go on having it both ways. They cannot claim to be serious if criticism is reserved for what is good artistically and not exercised over plays that are commercial. It won't do just to fall back on the public. For if that is their position, then they renounce their claim to be critics, and in that case for them to attack art is an intellectual offence. And such is Mr. Cochran's case. He says, attack art, but leave my Duck alone, and he is logical. The critics' objection to the Duck is thus of good augury. Perhaps they are moving towards revolution. They refuse to be " ducked " any longer.

The present low state of the drama is a direct effect of the critics' attitude, which scares good plays off the market, and critics will be well advised to meet together with a view to regularise their position, as critics, or abandon it; or that Duck and Mr. Cochran's advertisements may yet prove a petard that will blow criticism into its own again. The war is over. There is considerable room for criticism. The critics either ought to apologise to Mr. Cochran for breaking an unwritten rule, or criticise fairly and equitably the commercial art of the theatre as well as the intellectual. If they don't, that Duck will not have sung for nothing.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

The Botanical Instinct*

By Henri Fabre

MATERNITY, thoughtful of the future, is the most genial stimulus of the instincts. It is to maternity, preparing board and lodging for the family, that we owe the wonderful achievements of the Dung-beetles and of the Wasps and Bees. As soon as the mother confines herself to laying eggs and becomes a mere laboratory for producing germs, the industrial talents disappear as useless.

That bravely plumed fine lady, the Pine Cockchafer, digs the sandy soil with the tip of her abdomen and laboriously buries herself in it to the head. A bundle of eggs is laid at the bottom of the excavation. And that is all, when once the pit has been filled by means of a casual sweeping.

Constantly ridden by her male during the four weeks of July, the mother Capricorn explores the trunk of the oak at random; she slips her retractible oviscapt here, there, and everywhere, under the scales of the cracked bark, probing, feeling, choosing the propitious spots. Each time an egg is laid, almost without protection. This done, she has no further anxiety.

The grub of *Cetonia floricola*, breaking its shell some time in August in the depths of the leaf-mould, goes to feed on the flowers and there idly slumbers; then, an adult Rose-chafer, she returns to the heap of rotten leaves, enters it and sows her eggs in the hottest places, those where fermentation rages most fiercely. Let us not ask anything further from her; her talents end with this.

So it is, in the vast majority of cases, with the other insects, weak or powerful, lowly or splendid. They all

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know where the eggs must be established, but they are profoundly indifferent to what will follow. It is for the grub to muddle through by its own methods. The Pine Cockchafer's larva dives deeper into the sand, seeking for tender rootlets softened by incipient decay. The Capricorn's, continuing to drag the shell of its egg behind it, nibbles the uneatable for its first mouthful, making flour of the dead bark and sinking a shaft that leads it to the wood, on which it feeds for the next three years. The Cetonia's, born in a heap of decomposed vegetable matter, has its food ready to its mouth without searching.

With such primitive habits as these, which emancipate the family at birth, without the least previous training, how far removed are we from the tenderness of the Dung-beetles, the Burying-beetles, the Hunting Wasps, and so many others! Apart from these privileged tribes, there is nothing very striking to be noted. It is enough to fill with despair the observer in search of facts really worth recording.

The children, it is true, often make up to us for their untalented mothers. Their ingenuity is sometimes amazing, from the time when they are hatched. Witness the Thistle-weevils. What can the mother do? Nothing but bury the eggs in the blossoms of the thistles. But what a singular industry on the part of the grub, which builds itself a thatched hut, upholsters itself a cabin, cards itself a mattress of chopped hairs, makes itself a defensive pitcher, a donjon-keep, with the shellac prepared by its intestine!

When the transformation is accomplished, what perspicacity on the part of the inexperienced insect, when it abandons its cosy home to seek a refuge under the rude shelter of the stones, foreseeing the winter which will ruin the natal villa! We have the almanac of the past, which tells us of the almanac of the future. The insect, with no records of the vicissitudes of the seasons; the insect, born in the dog-days, in the blazing heat of summer; the insect feels instinctively that this period of solar intoxication will not last; it knows, though it has never seen it happen, that its house is doomed soon to collapse; and it makes off before the roof falls in. For a Weevil, this is fine, magnificent. We might well envy the creature's

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wisdom in being thus awake to the calamities of the future.

However devoid of industry she may be, the least gifted mother none the less submits an insoluble problem for our consideration. What is it that leads her to lay her eggs at spots where the larva will find food to its liking?

The Large White Butterfly goes to the cabbage, in which she has no personal interest. The plant, compressed into a head, has not yet flowered. Besides, its modest yellow blossoms have no greater attraction for the Butterfly than an infinity of other flowers distributed broadcast. The Vanessa goes to the nettle, on which her caterpillars will feast, but on which the adult insect finds nothing to suck.

When, in the summer gloaming, the Pine Cockchafer has long been whirling in the nuptial ballet around her favourite tree, she refreshes herself after her fatigue by nibbling a few pine-needles; then, with impetuous flight, she goes in search of some bare, sandy tract where the grass-roots lie decaying. Here, as often as not, there is no resinous aroma, there are no more pine-trees, the delight of the plumed beauty; and it is in this place, where nothing appeals to her own needs, that the mother, half-buried in the ground, will lay her egg.

That ardent lover of roses and hawthorn-blossom, the Golden Cetonia, leaves the luxury of the flowers, to burrow in the shame of putrescence. She repairs to the compost-heap, but is certainly not tempted by any dish to her taste. She cannot sip honey there nor intoxicate herself with perfumed essences. Another reason draws her to this corruption.

At first sight it would seem as if these strange instincts might be explained by the larva's diet, of which the adult would retain a lively memory. The White Butterfly's caterpillar fed on cabbage-leaves; and each of the two Butterflies, endowed with a faithful memory, exploits the plant which has no attraction for her now, but which was a treat for her in her infancy.

In the same way, the Cetonia dives into the heap of leaf-mould because she remembers the feasts of former days, when she was a grub in the midst of the fermenting vegetable matter; and the Pine Cockchafer seeks the sandy

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tracts covered with lean tufts of grass because she remembers her youthful revels underground amid the decaying rootlets.

Such a memory would be almost admissible if the adult's diet were the same as the larva's. We can more or less understand the Dung-beetle, who, herself feeding upon animal droppings, makes them into canned provisions for her family. The diet of maturity and that of infancy are linked, as though each were a reminiscence of the other. Uniformity offers a very simple solution of the food-problem.

But what shall we say of the Cetonia passing from the flowers to the sordid refuse of the decayed leaves? Above all, what shall we say of the Hunting Wasps? These fill their own crops with honey and feed their youngsters on prey!

By what inconceivable inspiration does the Cerceris leave the refreshment-bar of the blossoms, dripping with nectar, to go a-hunting and to slay the Weevil, the game destined for her offspring? How are we to explain the Sphex, who, having refreshed herself at the sugar-works of the field eringo, suddenly flies off, eager to stab the Cricket, the food of her grub?

It is a matter of memory, some will make haste to reply.

Ah, no! Please do not speak of memory here; do not invoke the memory of the belly! Man is fairly well endowed with mnemonic aptitudes. Yet which of us has retained the least recollection of his mother's milk? If we had never seen a babe at the breast, we could never suspect that we began life in the same fashion!

This food of earliest infancy is not remembered; it is certified only by example, as by that of the Lamb, which, with bended knees and frisking tail, sucks at the udder and butts it with its head. No, the mouthfuls of mother's milk have left not a trace in the mind.

And you would have it that the insect after a transformation that has changed it entirely, both inside and out, remembers its first diet, when we ourselves, who are not remoulded in the crucible of a metamorphosis, remain in the most absolute darkness where ours is concerned? My credulity will not go that length.

How then does the mother, whose diet is different, dis-

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tinguish what suits her offspring? I do not know, I never shall know. It is an inviolable secret. The mother herself does not know. What does the stomach know of its masterly chemistry? Nothing. What does the heart know of its wonderful hydraulics? Nothing. The pregnant mother, when establishing her brood, knows no more.

And this unconsciousness provides us with an admirable solution of the difficult problem of victuals. A good example is afforded by the Weevils. They will show us with what botanical tact the choice of the food-plant is made.

To entrust the batch of eggs to this or that cluster of florets is not a matter of indifference. It is indispensable that the florets should fulfil certain conditions of flavour, stability, hairiness, and other qualities appreciated by the grub. Its selection, therefore, demands a nice botanical discrimination which will recognise off-hand the good and the bad, accept the discovery or reject it. Let us devote a few lines to these Weevils from the point of view of their botanical attainments.

Scorning variety, the Spotted Weevil is a specialist of immovable convictions. Her domain is the ball of the blue thistle, an exclusive domain, valueless to the others. She alone appreciates it, she alone exploits it; and nothing else suits her.

This particularity, an unchangeable family inheritance, must greatly facilitate her search. When, on the return of the warm weather, the insect leaves her hiding-place, which is doubtless not far from the spot where she was born, she easily finds, on the banks by the roadside, her favourite plant, which is already tipping its branches with pale-blue globes. The dear heritage is recognised without hesitation. She climbs into it, rejoices in her nuptial diversions and waits for the azure balls to mature to the requisite stage. The blue thistle is familiar to her, though she sees it for the first time. It was the only one known in the past; it is the only one known in the present. There is no confusion possible.

The second, the Bear-Weevil, begins to vary her flora to some extent. I know that she has two establishments: the corymbed carlina in the plain, and the acanthus-leaved carlina on the mountain-slopes.

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To those who stop at the general aspect and do not have recourse to delicate floral analyses, the two plants have nothing in common. The countryman, clever though he be at distinguishing one plant from another, would never think of calling the two by the same generic name. As for the civilised townsman, unless he be a botanist, don't speak of him: his testimony here would be worse than useless.

The corymbed carlina has a tall, slender stem; thin, sparse leaves; a bunch of average flowers, with a receptacle less than half the size of an acorn. The acanthus-leaved carlina spreads, level with the soil, a large, fierce rosette of broad leaves, which in shape is not unlike the ornament of a Corinthian capital. There is no stem. In the centre of the leaf-cluster is a flower, one only, but a giant, big as a man's fist.

Our local highlanders call this magnificent thistle the "mountain artichoke." They gather it and use the base of the flower in making omelettes not devoid of merit; this base is very fleshy, is saturated in milk with a nutty flavour, and is delicious even when raw.

Sometimes they use the plant as an hygrometer. Nailed to the lintel of the byre, the carlina closes its flower when the air is moist and opens it in a superb sun of golden scales when the air is dry. With beauty added, it is the inverse equivalent of the celebrated rose of Jericho, an unsightly bundle which expands in wet and shrivels in dry weather. If the rustic hygrometer were a foreigner, it would be famous; being an ordinary home product, it is slighted.

The Weevil, for her part, knows it very well, not as a meteorological apparatus, a very useless thing to her for foretelling the weather, but as provender for her family. Many a time, on my excursions in July and August, I have seen the Bear-Weevil very busy on the mountain artichoke wide open in the sun. There is no doubt what she was doing there: she was attending to her eggs.

I regret that my then preoccupations, which were concerned with botany, did not permit me to observe the mother's methods more closely. Does she lay several eggs in this rich morsel? There is enough to satisfy a numerous brood. Or does she lay only one, repeating here what she does on the corymbed carlina, a middling ration? There

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is nothing to tell us that the insect is not to some extent versed in domestic economy and does not proportion the number of the guests to the abundance of the provisions.

If this point is obscure, another and one of greater interest is quite evident: the Bear-Weevil is a clear-sighted botanist. She recognises as carlina, the family food, two very dissimilar plants, which none of us, unless he were an expert, would have thought of grouping together; she accepts as botanical equivalents the gorgeous rosette, eighteen inches across, whose spokes lie on the ground, and the shabby-looking thistle that stands erect and spare.

The Spangled Weevil extends her domain still farther. Though she has not the fierce thistle with the white heads, she recognises the good qualities of another vegetable horror, one with pink heads this time. This is the common horse-thistle (*Cirsium lanceolatum*). The difference in the colour of the flowers causes her no hesitation.

Can she be apprised by the majestic stature, by the sturdy prickles? No, for we next see her established on a humble and much less savage plant, *Carduus nigrescens*, which rises hardly more than nine inches from the ground.

Can it be the size of the heads that regulates her device? Not so, either, for the paltry heads of *Carduus tenuiflorus* are accepted as readily as the sizable blooms of the above three thistles.

But the subtle expert is even cleverer than this. Regardless of mien, foliage, flavour, or colour, she actively exploits *Kentrophyllum lanatum*, a plant with wretched yellow flowers soiled by the dust of the roads. To recognise a Carduacea in this dry and unsightly plant you have to be a botanist or a Weevil.

A fourth (*Larinus scolymi*) surpasses the Spangled Weevil. We find her at work on the garden artichoke and the garden cardoon, both of them giants that lift their great blue heads to a height of six feet and more. We meet her afterwards on a niggardly centaury (*Centaurea aspera*), with ragged heads, smaller than the tip of one's little finger, trailing on the ground; we see her founding colonies on the various thistles beloved of the Spangled Weevil, even on *Kentrophyllum lanatum*. Her botanical knowledge of plants so dissimilar gives us food for reflection.

As a Weevil, she recognises very clearly, without resort-

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ing to tests, what is artichoke-heart and what is not, what suits her offspring and what would harm it; and I, as a naturalist, versed by assiduous practice in the flora of my district, would not dare, without prudent inquiries, to bite into this or that fruit or berry were I suddenly transported to another country.

She is born with her knowledge, and I have to learn. Every summer, with superb audacity, she goes from her thistle to various others which, having no similarity of appearance, ought, one would think, to be rejected as suspicious hostelries. On the contrary, she accepts them, recognises them as her own; and her confidence is never betrayed.

Her guide is instinct, which instructs her unerringly, within a very restricted circle; mine is intelligence, which gropes, seeks, goes astray, finds its way again, and ends by soaring with an incomparable flight. The Weevil knows the flora of the thistles without having learnt it; man knows the flora of the world after long study. The domain of instinct is a speck; that of intelligence is the universe.

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How I Got the "Long-Ticket"

(*A Life's Story*)

II

By Harald Hewitt

To resume the thread of my story and go back a little. In 1902 I had come back to England after getting Colonial experience in Australia. A few brief extracts from my Australian diary, and other diaries, may give some idea of the manner of man that I am.

Langmorne Creek, Rockhampton, Queensland.—"Working at the claim all day. Old Bob took the first shift down the shaft, from 20 to 8 till 20 to 10. Then I went down till 11.30. Washed one or two prospects from the bottom of the shaft. Got some colours. Bob worked down below again from 1.15 till 3. Very hot, waiting at the windlass to wind up the dirt in the full sunshine. Then I worked down below from 3 till 5. Took one or two dishes back to wash in waterhole when we left off work. Some colours. About one grain of gold in a dish—value 2*d.*

"The opossum came to my camp again last night and knocked over a tin of condensed milk which was standing opened in a dish of water to keep the ants out of it. In the afternoon we washed nine sacks of dirt in a rocker which we bought for 3*s.* First put the dirt into a wooden trough, fill the trough with water; then churn up the wash dirt with a wooden paddle to break up and dissolve the lumps of clay. Then put this dirt from the trough into the hopper on top of the cradle, work the cradle with one hand, and pour water over it with the other. We got one nice-sized little piece of coarse gold—about 11 or 12 grs. weight, worth about 1*s.* 9*d.*, and some finer gold. Got the loan of a barrow and took down nine sacks of dirt on it to the waterhole—three at a time. Had to bake a large damper to-night in the ashes. Started a fire and boiled

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a billy of tea. The worst of this life is coming back tired and hungry, then having to carry water from the creek, start a fire and cook."

But I was tired of cooking my little meals at the end of a day's work with pick and shovel, and I had memories of a girl in a village church six years before. I could not speak to her then, owing to the foolish class distinctions which our class schools so largely foster. So I left Australia, and, to get some more experience, and also, perhaps, to save money, as I said in the previous part of this article, I signed on, on the sailing-ship *Star of Italy*, at Newcastle, N.S.W., for a small wage for a voyage to San Francisco.

Here is a diary entry for March, 1910: "Came on watch at midnight. Wind still holding steadily, so no work with the braces or sails. Southern Cross still pretty high up astern. Turned in at 4 a.m. On deck at 8 a.m. Worked most of time from 8 till 12 at bending sails and taking down the old ones. We bent one on the foremast, and the upper and lower tops'ls on the mizen. I went aloft to help to bend them, making fast the rovings on to the jackstay. Fine view up aloft of miles of blue sea all around."

I found this seventy-eight-day passage before the mast on a sailing-ship, and then the week as a trimmer on the old *Campania* from New York to Liverpool, was a far better school of life than that conventionalised in the "playing field" tradition, for on a ship men learn the lesson, better even than they may at cricket or football, that no one can shirk his duty without throwing extra work on his mates. And that work of trimming and firing is hard enough as it is. It may be better now with the oil- burning steamers. But four hours of wheeling coal out of the bunkers to the furnaces; having so many fires to keep supplied; raking out a fire when the watch starts, and perhaps getting up ashes when the watch is over—this is quite enough without taking another's work. How different from our public-school pose, when we referred to poor boys as "chaws"!

So, instead of marrying in 1902, as I had hoped to, I lost £1,000 and drifted out to India. This restlessness was not natural to me, but the direct result of the sex segregation I had experienced at Harrow and Cambridge,

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so that there was no girl to come back to—to make a real home.

"Where have you been, O restless soul?"
"I have journeyed far and wide,
I drift to a home in any port—
Drift out upon any tide."

So my home (as in the story outlined by this poet) was in any port—Liverpool, New York, Vancouver, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Mombasa, Cape Town, Brisbane, Sydney, Christiania, Stockholm, etc. And now, at nearly forty-nine, I am what is called flotsam. I did not stop long in India in 1903, for England called me with the chance of a home and the work on the land which came naturally to me. I got a small farm, but it was not on the coast, as I wanted. It was not a real home to settle down with an old housekeeper—or to live alone. Then I have memories of voyages to Norway, winter and summer, more often third-class than first (for I did not want to waste money), to search for the helpmate whom co-education might have given me years before, even in England—where we seem mostly dark. I ought to have gone to Sweden more, or even North Germany—for I am an unabashed internationalist, and my opposite was the fair Swedish or German type. But I never made up for the sex segregation I had experienced when I was a boy; so I have such diary entries as: "A pretty, fair German girl at Hamburg railway station: the old story—no one to introduce one"; or again: "I am tired of travelling and hotels and seeing the right girl come to others"; "A pretty, fair, chum-like Swedish girl, with a man, going to skate: these things intensify my loneliness."

Victoria, B.C., Empress Hotel.—"Listened to music; saw one very pretty, fair girl of 16 or 17. It did me good to look at her now and then. I wonder what I should have thought if I had seen her when I was 21." (At Cambridge I did once venture to speak to a girl on the ice. She replied: "I cannot speak to strangers." It froze me; I felt crushed, absurd, mortified, and after that I could never bring myself to speak to a girl unintroduced.)

"Saw a very pretty little maid on the pier, of 10 or 11, reading *Alice in Wonderland*. Beautiful, long, fair hair hanging in two braids over her shoulders, a prettily rounded

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face, good teeth, and blue eyes. Wonder what I should have thought of a girl like that when I was a boy."

East Africa, walking from Nakuru.—" Up 20 to 6 a.m., getting light. Wash in river. Breakfast, two biscuits, a banana, a bit or two of dried apple, and a little poor chocolate. Trail left river at once. Arid country with scattered acacia and stony ridges. Sun getting up hot. Eighteen miles without water." And then at evening: " Camped at dusk, tired and footsore. Nothing to eat. Spread small blanket among rocks, loaded revolver and lay down. Saw Southern Cross rise on its side, later in the night stand upright. Saw a hyena in the night some twenty yards off."

Entebbe, Uganda.—" I visited mission of ' White Fathers.' I asked whether they never yearned for wife and home. They said no, and that I was not ready for that life yet. They were right."

In the Red Sea, bound, third class, from Mombasa to Naples.—" Reminds one of school life, always wishing one's life away, wishing it were to-morrow instead of to-day."

And so on. I was the wandering pilgrim in search of a helpmate, shunning no hard work, happy in that sense, yet unspeakably miserable, and all because I could not escape from my school shackles—I could not free myself from what I had been made. Then I bought some land in Vancouver Island, emigrated two or three people, and settled them there.

I tried to cultivate the philosophy of indifference—an important quality to be developed in character-building: that indifference to personal gain or loss, praise or blame, which does not waste energy on exultation or depression, and recognises that no honest effort is ever made in vain, and duty done for duty's sake is always a success. And yet the empty house at the end of the day's work seemed the result of failure. ' Owing to loneliness, I had been driven on, now here, now there, " batching," as a sailor, a would-be missionary, a miner, prospector, farmer, yet helping a few people with money to emigrate, and in other ways, for which expenditure I was later to get into trouble with the doctors.

So in 1912 I left the lonely little house on Vancouver Island—very bitter against the big class schools which had

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managed effectually to deprive me of all companionship with girls when I was young. Then in London I met a girl leading the "gay" life, as it is called ("sad" life would be more appropriate); but to me her youth and fair beauty appealed chivalrously, and I gave her money to pay her debts and go home to her people; and though she wanted me to take her away, I did not, for I hardly knew her, and I felt that I had first to learn more about her and her past.

The unhappiness of such a meeting affected me. I felt that under co-education I could have met a pretty child of her type who would have entered naturally into my life twenty or more years ago; and then, instead of the long, weary vista of hotels and travelling, those apparently wasted years might have been full of home memories. So I hesitated about marrying her and taking her away with me and sent her home instead. My martyr's sense prevented me from taking a step which seemed to offer the happiness I had so long been looking for. Romance has, I think, been defined as the mystical blending of the beautiful and poetic in art and literature. And the meeting of that fair maid in a place where love is profaned and desecrated, and when I was nearly forty, seemed so lacking in the elements of romance. It made me bitter against the type of man who callously introduces girls to that sad life—and then leaves them. All this loneliness and wasted endeavour steeled me to the sacrificial gesture on Ascot racecourse, which was to prove for me a small tragedy.

Men brought up in sex segregation think differently from those brought up with girls: they are either rough or highly sensitive. I was of the latter kind. No doubt I have a lot of the woman in my nature, and this although manual work comes naturally to me. Indeed, it was my habit of doing that work that made my father first send me out to the Colonies. In 1894 we were cleaning out a large pond, and my father saw me filling a barrow with the black mud and wheeling it away. "That work is not fit for a gentleman," he said. Again I was repressed, as I was at Easter, 1896, when I wanted to speak to the girl whom I used to see in the village choir, but class distinctions gave me no chance. But now it is becom-

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ing recognised that many of our subsequent troubles are the result of early inhibitions, and that repression, when carried too far, starves and stunts natural tendency and may finally lead to insanity. So I write, not for myself—it is too late in my case—to stress the fact that in education the child should be allowed to develop according to his or her natural bent; also to say that the home life is the natural one, not that in boarding schools; but where boarding schools are a necessity, then they should be co-educational.

And so when this young, pretty child—she was only 20—came into my life, instead of marrying her and returning to Canada, where we might have lived happy, hard-working lives together, I just paid her debts and sent her to her home. She lost my address, did not write, and returned to London after my money was spent, and after that I could not quite trust her. The nausea of this failure depressed me considerably. Before I met her again in London I sought her in her native place, but I did not know her address.

A determination now crystallised within me to try to do some good for others situated like myself, to try to reform our educational system. Thus minded, goaded into the spirit of martyrdom, carrying "those battle-worn colours of purple, white, and green"—and a letter about Harrow—I went down to Ascot, as previously related, hoping to die for womanhood.

After that incident I was "trephined," and survived, whereupon two doctors certified me. The effects of certification are absolute loss of legal rights, and had I not subsequently escaped I should have lost my farm and other property. It is this experience that has brought me to see the cruelty of our insanity laws and, in particular, the iniquity of the certification business. I want to lay stress on what happened to me.

While still in bed, hardly conscious after the serious operation, doctors questioned me. To them a man who could spoil Ascot by obstructing a race was clearly a lunatic, and so the doctors reported that "he does not know where he is; has delusions of duty of stopping racing and protecting women; wishes to die, as his work is done; suffers from religious melancholia, etc."

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True, the revolver looked mad, but that was merely bluff. For the rest, I ought never to have been questioned, lying, as I was, in a dazed condition after a severe operation, literally not knowing where I was. When I was taken to Holloway Sanatorium Hospital (on June 23rd, 1913—the day I was certified) I was still so little conscious that I can recall nothing, and there I was "lawfully detained as of unsound mind." My solicitor stuck to me and protested against certification, but in vain. The point fixed in the medical mind was that I was "suicidal," and the notion of a man who had been at a public school sacrificing himself for woman's suffrage or as a protest against monastic education was conclusive. As the doctor said: "Your perfect woman is rubbish." (I wonder what his complex is?)

Then, after some months with a mental doctor—some two weeks before my parole, not to walk away, would have ended—I was suddenly removed, under the misrepresentation that at last, though late, I should have a fair trial in court for my action at Ascot. "Your case will soon be straightened out now," I was told. I was taken to no police station, but deposited late in the evening at Herrison House Asylum. And then, safely incarcerated there, I was told: "The Public Prosecutor is not going to charge you criminally; he thinks you of unsound mind." To cure this so-called "unsound mind" I was to be shut up for years with the uncouth, the unfit, epileptics, men suffering from senile decay, and so on. And it was only a pleasant little falsehood that my "case would soon be straightened out." Of course, it was known that I had no intention of trying to disorganise another race: it was the last thing I wished that jockeys should be hurt.

I ought to have been tried and punished as a militant suffragist. My lawyer wrote to me: "I have never at any time seen the need for the proceedings in lunacy"; but the doctors were bent on locking me up, and so locked up I was, as a "dangerous lunatic."

It was a terrible experience, but my mind was perfectly lucid and I was so sane that I escaped after being there five weeks. But first about the head doctor at this asylum —who has since left.

He chaffed me once: "So you are the one who wants to set everyone right; there will be no discharge; everyone

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with whom you come into contact thinks you to be of unsound mind." So this was his remedial treatment—to keep me shut up with all the poor wrecks of humanity that one sees in an asylum. Again he made a sarcastic reference once to " young ladies of Piccadilly."

I have mentioned the pretty fair girl (a " young lady of Piccadilly ") whom I had helped. And while I was " lawfully detained as of unsound mind " in Holloway Sanatorium she wrote me to this effect: " Can't imagine people looking after you as though you were mad. Papers said there was little chance of your recovery, and I thought I had lost such a dear good friend. I thought of all you used to tell me, and I made up my mind from then that I would try and lead a good life. I am more serious now, and I think it must be through you."

Again I repeat that if, as a boy, I had met a pretty girl like her, it would have made all the difference to me; there would have been no Ascot " outrage " to record in June, 1913; and in June, 1914, I should not have been a " long-ticket man " in Herrison House Asylum.

So as the doctors treated me as a " bad case," and as I realised that my farm would probably be sold over my head, and that I was destined to remain there, sinking, like the other wretched inmates, into true insanity—being under no parole—I made preparations for escape. I secreted and hid a supply of bread, as I had no money—not even a watch I could pawn. It was not easy to escape, for I was carefully watched; but I had noted one place in the building which offered a slight chance of escape, when once a little preliminary work had been done to a small window. It served my purpose, but my absence was detected at once. However, I just managed to get to a field of thin wheat and lie down in it, without the attendants seeing me. They passed round outside the wheat-field, which was some distance from the buildings, but I had left little track going into the wheat, and though they remained close at hand searching for some time, I remained undiscovered. After lying there for three hours, after dark I had to go back to the buildings to get my boots and raincoat. I was successful in getting them from the boot-room, which was locked, as the previous afternoon I had made some preparations. Finally, a little before mid-

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night on July 7th, 1914, in a drizzling rain, without money, I left this " Rest Hotel." One does not appreciate freedom until one has lost it. By the next evening I was some forty miles away, having made the distance on foot, for I had just enough food to keep me going. I lay low for the needful two weeks, and I was a free man again, with this difference, that I now knew what terrible wrongs were committed in the name of insanity, and that I now thought I ought to help to reform a system which could enable doctors to certify me insane in a class interest, to prevent publicity which might be thought injurious to the family name. Because I had—unfortunately—been a public-school boy, I had sinned against class; therefore there was no mercy. I was to be locked up, out of the way. Not a thought as to the honesty of my motive, the responsibility of my mind; I had offended against the class code. The powers vested in doctors are incredible. One doctor said to me: " I could send you to an institution for the way you have spent your money." But if I had helped people—not only " young ladies of Piccadilly "—I have lived cheaply myself: third class at sea is my usual method of travelling. That is how I came back from Canada. Is it right that a doctor should be able to send a man to an asylum because, while living economically himself, he chooses to give away money to help people—by emigrating them and in other ways? We have Biblical authority for selling what we have and giving to the poor (Matthew xix., 21); but the speaker of those words was called " mad."

Now I am not in the least insane, in the recognised sense, and subsequently specialists who have examined me have given me certificates of sanity. This is what one mental specialist wrote of me: " Though he is evidently prepared to go a long way in sacrificing himself in furthering his beliefs, I do not regard him as insane in the ordinary sense of the word. It is quite possible for a person to hold a belief such as he has, and yet to be able to conduct himself in such a way that he appreciates and abides by the ordinary codes of society." And this is the certificate Dr. Denton Holmes, of Victoria, B.C., gave me: " Mr. Hewitt is an idealist of a pronounced type. He is a most interesting psychological study, but should not, I think, have been certified as a lunatic so soon after the affair at Ascot, be-

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cause he could not at the time of such certification, so soon after his injuries, be in a position to explain his motives, which are idealistic, lofty, if extravagant and erroneous and those of a crank, yet not of a weak-minded man."

I think that is good enough. The question should be whether a person who has committed an offence is capable of distinguishing right from wrong in respect of the act of which he or she stands charged, and, if so, then he is a responsible agent. I was certainly responsible when I walked out on to the Ascot racecourse and stood waiting for the horses to come, with the intention of disorganising the race. It was " mad " in the schoolboy sense, for at school we are taught, as a class code, to regard all divergence from convention as mad and bad; but life cannot be run altogether on school disciplinarianism—else individualism, genius, initiative, the very heroism of humanity, would cease to exist, and these happy islands would no longer breed the type of man who places ideas before habits and ideals before convention. All progress has been fought for; all ideas are crusades. All men who light a torch are the victims of the antagonism of the hour, and, as always, the cross awaits the prophets of all new movements.

How, in fact, did women obtain the vote? In the first place, I think, by violence. Had the once despised militant suffragettes not registered their sense of injustice in the ways they did, it is doubtful if the women's war work alone would have obtained for them the vote. They, too, had to fight for it, but they were not certified insane, though doubtless many thought these Amazons who wrestled with policemen very she-devils. And it is always so. If we are to get a better education, if we are to teach schoolmasters that the individuality of the boy should be respected, that he should be allowed to develop naturally, and that the good in him should be led into constructive paths, we who think so will have to impose our will upon these masters and their systems, and it may be necessary finally that someone should sacrifice his life to this end. Life is a conflict, and apathy is surely negative. Some of us cannot fold our hands and murmur in Anglican Church phraseology: " As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." Rather would we obey the words of a well-

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known woman preacher: "Take the world as you find it, certainly, but leave it different."

Yet if those doctors had had their way, I should, probably, still be in an asylum, and insane, in truth, by now—taught discipline by rough attendants whose one idea is discipline: not medical treatment or the cure of the patient. They regard themselves as janitors, and the inmates as prisoners. The attitude of the doctors in the asylum towards me savoured of contempt, though I had not been properly examined or certified. My lawyer wrote to me thus, December 8th, 1914: "When you went to Dorchester Asylum, compulsorily and under false inducements, I understand, I heard from the Medical Superintendent, who refused to allow any correspondence"; and so it proved. My letter to my lawyer given to be posted was not sent. I was a "long-ticket" man (dangerous)—to be put out of the way. To hush up what opinion calls a scandal I was thrust into an asylum to spare my family the publicity of a public trial; and my bitter indictment of the monastic public-school education I had received was hushed up in these words: "The other letters found on him [at Ascot] were of a rambling, disjointed character—full of grievances, one of which appears to be that the writer was sent to Harrow: they suggest that he was not in his right mind." And so I was eliminated, and the monastic segregation I had experienced at Harrow led up to a similar sex segregation in Herrison House Asylum.

And so I am a life sufferer, a pilgrim, a victim to some kind of hallucination which centres round a golden-haired girl, and because of my class training and school discipline, my nature has become warped, and I have no driving purpose now in life in the hard manual work on my farm—in which work I used to take so much interest. "When Life means only duty, O God, O God, have pity on that one!"

My desire is now to participate in the crusade of the soul, to help push along reforms which I see are most needful. I cannot believe that it is right for some 600 boys at Harrow, and some 1,000 at Eton, to be segregated for three-quarters of the year at least, cut apart from all feminine influence and atmosphere; therefore I tell the pedagogues of these schools that when I was a boy the companionship and friendship of one pretty, fair girl would

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have made all the difference to me as regards a happy, successful life, even if I had learned nothing beyond the three R's.

Perhaps my narrative may be helpful to others situated like myself, to some parents whose boys do not appear happy in these public schools, to some boys who feel the unnatural hardships of their sex segregation and fail, as I did, to understand. To understand what? I confess that this is a difficult question. The average boy is, perhaps, contented to grow up monastically, or, rather, he does not realise his sex segregation. He reacts normally to his environment. But some boys don't, and these are the boys—artists, rebels, call them what one may—who ought to have co-education, who ought to grow up alongside the other sex, and for all such I speak in this confession. I put down my failures in life to an education which was a torment to me, which deprived me of my right of self-evolution according to my bent, from which I never recovered. To many my Calvary will seem absurd, and if a doctor or so by chance reads it, he, too, may itch to certify a man who will, if necessary, sacrifice his life to further a cause. Yet, I believe, a few will understand. Perhaps—and that would console me greatly—some parents may consider monastic education in a new light, under the sorrow of these impressions. We are moving towards a truer comprehension of sex, and it is time. It is certainly time we reformed our lunacy laws and treatment. And with this parting shot at my certifiers, I plead for co-education and for the right study of children's natural inclinations; for, as has been well said: "A boy does not need very much, but he does need that little right."

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The Riddle of Ireland

By Judex

THE position in Ireland to-day to any people but the Irish would be grotesque—which may or may not be an Irish "bull." Yet for that very reason it is hopeful, provided in England we close our eyes to any other picture but the grotesque, resolutely sit tight, and smile. For we now can smile. Mr. Atkins, even the Black-and-Tan, can go out for a day's fishing, and, unless he foolhardily "stops one," can watch a posse of De Valerans pot at a band of Free Staters, himself radiantly immune, and, it may be, he can play the part of the Good Samaritan—with a stretcher. All this is real Irish, and it means that a long and dismal *motif* in our history has come to an end, is being celebrated in typical Hibernian fashion with a wake.

Staunch Home Rulers are stupefied. Devout champions of the good old cry, the majority of whom have never been to Ireland, find themselves at a loss, and so our Home Rule Press makes poor reading in the face of this Irish schism, which throws down what Grattan, Parnell, Dillon, and Redmond would have accepted on bended knees with a prayer. Why is this? The answer is twofold. First, it derives from the quite peculiar psychology of Ireland, the island of martyrs; secondly, it is religion.

Old-fashioned Liberals in this country have never realised that Ireland's "opportunity" has always lain in this central fact, that as the navel, so to speak, of the great Protestant British Empire, Ireland represents the great fighting phalanx of Catholicism, which the greater it suffers the more gloriously it endures, which from its very agony blossoms and pollinates the whole. Ireland within the Empire is thus like the slumbering fires of a volcano. Her soul is the Church. Her meaning is its continuity. Her purpose is the white flame of—religious dissension.

To-day, this cause, this flag, this sectarian enthusiasm, is as significant in and to America as it is in and to this Empire, and to understand De Valera and his fighting

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cohorts we must look across the Atlantic to the cause of Rome; we must understand that the little island is the "white star" of the faith which sees history and the universe as a whole; which thinks historically; which regards the movement as all and life but a means towards an embracing end. Once we grasp that truth, and Ireland ceases to be the paradox commonly represented, and her Nationalism may be viewed from its true angle. This angle is primarily religion, and that is why the Carson attitude, which is the antipode to the Southern Irish position, is merely fuel to the flames, and for that very reason welcome rather than otherwise to those who see in Ireland's fight for freedom the fight for Apostolic ascendancy.

De Valera knows perfectly well that a Republic is just what we cannot grant, and that if Ireland persists and actually sets up a Republic, we shall be thrown back on Cromwellianism, when the old struggle and the old martyrdom will re-begin. In other words, strife is the thing. Settle Ireland, once let the Irish people abandon their cause of injury, their historical hate, their fighting grievance, and ease and contentment would come; the villages would yield their atmospheric particularism, and the young priest would forfeit his sacrosanctity. And this ominous factor would rise up—education. Here again the priest would suffer in authority. With the advent of free education and democratic feeling, superstition would begin to languish, the mystic wells of Erin would give up their secrets, the saints and martyrs would fall from their pedestals, the whole spirit of the country would change, and in the general metamorphosis Ireland's great strength, her women, would see new visions.

This power of Ireland's women is of much importance. Under the sway of the priests, they are in a peculiar degree the control of their men, for in Ireland, as the oppressed nation, the appeal is to courage, to what the male holds dear, and in the cry to "die for Ireland" the "black women," as they are called, can always stab the dreamy young Celt to the quick. Let any man who questions this ask a young Irish girl whether she thinks Ireland will be "settled." Involuntarily, automatically, charmingly, the answer comes back: "Never!" Press for a reason, and she will reply with an amused smile: "Ireland will never

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be satisfied. She is the white flame of the true faith." Now when a girl so speaks to a young man, response is natural. The boy reacts to instinct. He feels his mission in life to be impersonal. He thinks like a Crusader. And it is this spirit which explains the singular silence of Ireland in faction, why it is that soldiers and policemen can be assassinated in broad daylight, and yet no one is able to give evidence. The fight is " spiritual." The girls are behind it. It is the national emotion, for death to the Irish is life's prize, and nowhere in the world is a funeral so celebrated or so enjoyed; there is something in the Irish character which makes for dissension. As individuals they are extraordinary as talkers and argufiers, hence the natural way they take to politics, as is seen in America. Anywhere in Ireland a man can converse with remarkable facility and eloquence on politics, yet it is rare to hear a man propound a solution, or even apparently desire one. The sense of martyrdom is ingrained. Always the Irishman has a grievance. He is always looking for the unknown, anticipating trouble, resenting harmony, and he rings the changes of emotion automatically. He is the spirit that " always denies." He is the great Anglo-Saxon negative.

And so at any analysis of the Irish situation one is brought up with a bump against this threefold fact, which in reality is the explanation of this agelong trouble: In England the Catholics are openly anti-Sinn Fein; in Ireland the Irish Catholics are divided between Treaty Irishmen and De Valera Irishmen, and what is now going on is a purely Catholic schism in which England plays little or no part.

A large majority in Ireland unquestionably desire peace, gladly welcome the Treaty, realise that no country could grant more than we surrendered to Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins; unfortunately, the Army, or youth, favours the fighting. Now if the careful student, puzzled over this strange tripartite sectarian dissension, were to go to Ireland and make personal inquiries, he would discover that the lute was rifted in curiously unexpected places, and he would be confounded with the deepening mystery. Things such as these would astound him. In the course of his investigations he would naturally search out the Church, and precisely there he would marvel. In his frank talks

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with the Jesuit Fathers, he would find hostility, in cases fierce hostility, towards De Valera; then again he would find ardent young priests consumed with admiration for the semi-Spaniard's martialism; he would find disunion among the Hierarchy; he would find high dignitaries of the Church scoffing at Irish freedom, deriding us for not shooting up the "rebellion," and then he would find learned and exalted prelates genuinely pro-Sinn Fein. Ask an Irishman on the spot what would "settle" the problem, and a smile is the invariable reply. It is certain that political Rome is against the Republican idea, and yet the Hierarchy in its corporate state has not yet blessed the Treaty, has refrained from any definite pronouncement giving a lead. This is the mystery. Although the whole issue of Ireland is North *versus* South, or Catholic *versus* Protestant, the Church, which is the supreme authority in the island, does not feel called upon to associate itself with the Treaty party, as if unwilling to make any public attempt to shepherd opinion in its predicament.

Were the Church, as a body, to take its stand publicly by the Treaty, De Valera's task would be pretty difficult. Why does the Church not do this? Also this question: What can the motive be in refusing to turn the balance at this juncture? Those who can answer those two points understand the Irish problem.

That problem is world-wide. The significance of Ireland to-day lies in America, in its politico-sectarian control there, in the relationship between Britain and the States, and in this complexity Ireland is the key to Anglo-Saxon world policy. Fighting Ireland lies in America, which supplies the funds and the secret direction. The boys who rally to De Valera are like the lansquenets of old, who fought for others. They are no longer fighting for Irish freedom—Ireland has that freedom; for Irish control—Ireland has that control; for the Irish status—Ireland has that status; they are fighting for the fight as between Britain and America; for the faith as between North and South; for the eternal movement of ardour, sacrifice, and martyrdom, without which the fires of sectarian discord would slumber, and pistols would rust, and hate would evaporate, and in the fatty degeneration of religious harmony men and women would forget, nay, might forgive.

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This is the true diagnosis, and that is why even in the writings of the philosopher " A. E." doubt is always cast on the " possibility " of a real settlement. Now, if Nationalism was the true end, a settlement would be obtainable; in fact, the Irish have by the Treaty every right of Nationalism obtainable, short of cutting clear of all partnership, in which case they could be blockaded and starved out by us in quick time. The supposition is justified that De Valera desires such warfare, well knowing that we cannot allow Ireland to cut herself adrift; moreover, that, if she did, formal war would be declared. It is also reasonably evident that were the Church to come out boldly in support of Mr. Collins and proclaim military opposition, which in reality is rebellion against the Treaty signatories, a vast change would come over the situation, and much ground would be cut from under Ulster's counter-rebellion attitude. Failure to do this has provided De Valera with his chance, which in his eyes is chaos. By raids, he has exasperated the North. By seizing buildings, etc., he has discredited the new Government. Obviously, he aspires to seize authority and depose the Griffith-Collins administration.

And what then? Then De Valera reckons *we* shall break our part of the Treaty, goaded on by Carsonism and the natural instinct to send back the Army and reconquer. Then he could again cry treason. Then the martyr call would resound through vale and mountain. Then he could appeal to the young men of Ireland to join up against the common foe, and, " Snakes and Devils! " the good old struggle would be renewed.

One may ask, with what object? This is the answer. De Valera is not seeking a solution. He probably is not actually in control of his Army, which is really under the secret direction of the I.R.B., themselves directed from America. To-day, O'Connor is the man. To-morrow, it may be O'Rorke, and so on. In the eyes of the fighting Brotherhood the one unpardonable sin is peace. Always the end and object is opposition, and were De Valera to attempt to temper the " Down with the Treaty! " fanaticism of young Ireland, he, too, would be brushed aside. It is important we should thoroughly understand that.

What now? One of two things. Either we let it rip

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and when De Valera has grasped power we send back the Army to make a clean sweep, or, ourselves borrowing the plumes of Irish humour, we remain content to hold the ring, declining to be rattled or stung to reaction, and if Catholic Irishman shoots Catholic—to let them shoot, until one group or the other tires of the game. There can be no doubt which is the right policy. To set about breaking our Treaty would merely give Ireland her opportunity to play the martyr, to the huge delight of the American Brotherhood, who desire above all things to upset the existing Anglo-American concord. Another Black-and-Tan crusade would make us look ridiculous. The only real weapon to use, if De Valera ousts the existing Government, would be the blockade, taking the Republic at its own valuation and treating it as a hostile country. We could get our meat from Canada. But military operations should be avoided at all costs, because the root of the difficulty is not political or physical. It is spiritual, and as such should be religiously treated. Here, the solvent is good temper. De Valera dare not ruin his farmers and the island's agricultural prosperity. He will hardly venture to let it go to a blockade. His bluff is our opportunity.

The three things to remember are these: (1) De Valera aims at us through his attacks on Collins. (2) His object is to goad us into retaliation and so restore the *status quo*—of war. (3) His flag and that of the Brotherhood is the Faith of Ireland in its relation to world politics—Ireland therefore is the instrument.

If this is so, can any true settlement be reached? It can. Precisely because Ireland is a world factor—a factor of religion, a factor of New World thought—so it is along world lines that Ireland can be exorcised from her own martyrdom. The machinery is alive, if still-born—the League of Nations. Yet this mechanism could bring peace and the Irish would accept such a judgment. They would because the moment Ireland was referred to a world tribunal, on which a Japanese sat or a Chinaman, the responsibility for Ireland would become a world concern, and Ireland could not defy the world. Could not because the Irish question is Faith, and by refusing a world judgment the Irish would set the world of Faiths by the ears. The issue would emerge clear as crystal. The Brotherhood

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in America could not throw down a finding delivered by Americans, Japanese, Frenchmen, and Czecho-Slovakians. The game would be up. A new world sense of responsibility would arise. Truly, the foundations of a new order would be laid.

Such a tribunal in the case of Ireland would be highly interesting. The deep schism among Catholics would be laid bare. An astonished world would learn that Ireland was not really England's punch-ball, but England's religious heritage, and that even the most thoughtful and enlightened among Irishmen despaired of any definite solution, and for the most part rejected the idea. We should get down to the brass tacks of the real issue—religious feud. The Tribunal would learn that the fight for Ireland was essentially a religious flame kindled on the peculiar idiosyncrasy and insularity of a naturally warlike people whose genius is politics or strife. Under such a Tribunal, the Irish question would assume just proportions, and Irishmen would have to choose between fighting the world and acquiescence. They would accept. Any other attitude would gravely harm the Church.

Our motto now should be—Keep cool. Hold the ropes, but refuse to be stung into retaliation. Withdraw our authority. Fulfil the Treaty, even if De Valera sacks Dublin. It is for us to do the laughing now. If we prove to the Irish that we hold to our Treaty, De Valera will find his task more and more difficult, for we can and must prevent civil sectarian war between North and South, and anon the De Valerans will find themselves rather hard up for a cause.

It is an odd chance which has assigned to Mr. Churchill the *rôle* of arbiter of Irish pacification, yet this is a unique opportunity for him, and if he holds on tight, and can hold in his Tory blades, he may register a bright success. But full success, for the reasons here given, will be neither his nor any man's. The imponderabilia of Irish faction are not politically adjustable, because the goal is the white flame. To snuff out that candle, a world dispensation is required—world authority, world responsibility, and of course such a Tribunal could not be the body of Foreign Office nominees who now sit on the Geneva League. If we want to " settle " Ireland, if we want to remove the

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standing stumbling-block between good Anglo-American relations, we can do so by referring De Valera's claim to the world. Such an act would make the League of Nations a real authority. By it we could obtain a lasting settlement of the Irish national problem, and we should lay the coping-stone of Anglo-American association. Otherwise, the dreary fight for the negation will continue, and we shall be sorely tempted to hit back. Short of a League of Nations reference, the Irish will proceed with their dissensions until De Valera probably hoists the Republican flag over Dublin Castle. And then, perhaps, the blockade; starvation, chaos, submission. Then, of course, the Irish problem will begin all over again. *Ecco, se muove.*

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Maynard Keynes on Probability

By F. Tavani

A WORK of criticism and largely reconstructive of the *Logic and Calculus of Probabilities*, Mr. Keynes's analysis is so far-reaching that his results, no matter what critics may think of them, must be taken into account for any further research on this subject. All the old problems of the *Calcul des chances* are faced without fear, and reconsidered from the new point of view which is the characteristic of this work. I will point a few instances in which the analysis is original and probably of a permanent value, others from which it appears how difficult it is to bring the solution of some important problems within the range of the theory exhibited by the author. Probability is considered from two general points of view: (1) as a logical relation between something known and something not equally known, and (2) as a quantity. The applications of the calculus follow, in the main, the traditional line, and they deal chiefly with their use in sciences of observation as well as in ethics. The first of the two aspects, just mentioned, of probability is taken as being the most universal; that of *quantity* is attributed and adapted, as a particular character, for the purpose of making of it the subject of a numerical calculus, where this is possible. To link together these two ideas of probability forms the object of nearly the whole of the theoretical part of the Treatise.

" Let our premisses consist of any set of propositions h, and our conclusions consist of any set of propositions a, then, if a knowledge of h justifies a rational belief in a of a degree α, we say that there is a probability-relation of degree α between a and h. This will be written:

$$a/h = \alpha \text{"} \qquad (1) \text{ page } 4.$$

This relation together with:

$$a/ = 1 \ (2) \qquad \text{and } a/ = 0 \ (3),$$

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expressing respectively *certainty* and *impossibility*, page 134, are of a capital importance, from which numerical results are obtained, independently from the definition of mathematical probability introduced later at page 159. For this reason the numerical interpretation of the symbols 1 and 0 and of their relations to a should be established before making any use of them. It is very difficult to see in these symbols their ordinary meaning as numbers. In fact, in the said relations all what we know is the meaning of the operation: /; therefore it is more correct to say that it is the meaning of such operation which defines the entities represented by 1 and 0, rather than to consider these numbers as determining the meaning of the said operation in (3) and (2). If we assume 1 and 0 to be numbers, then from (1) we would obtain the relations: $\Sigma_1^n a_n/h_n = n$, or even $\Sigma_1^\infty a_n/h_n = \infty$, which in our case have no meaning comparable with that which similar expressions have in mathematics, and most probably the said sums of the operation a/h derive no signification at all from the numbers 1 and the upper limit of the positive numbers ∞. Again, if

$$(a_1 + a_2 + a_3 + \ldots a_n)/(h_1 + h_2 + h_3 \div \ldots h_n) = 1$$

and

$$\begin{aligned} &a_1/h_2 = 0,\ a_1/h_3 = 0 \ldots a_1/h_n = 0 \\ &a_2/h_1 = 0,\ a_2/h_3 = 0 \ldots a_2/h_n = 0 \\ &\cdots\cdots\cdots\cdots\cdots \\ &a_n/h_1 = 0,\ a_n/h_2 = 0 \ldots a_n/h_{n-1} = 0 \end{aligned}$$

then follows: $a_1/h_1 = 1$, $a_2/h_2 = 1$, $a_3/h_3 = 1 \ldots a_n/h_n = 1$, which illustrates how the interpretation of 1 and 0 depends from the operation: / and not reciprocally—so that any numerical result obtained through them, before introducing the definition of a mathematical probability, cannot be safely accepted. A similar difficulty is experienced in defining, independently from the said definition, the meaning of $r.a/h$, page 158, where r is a real numerical coefficient. Once introduce the definition of the probability expressed by $\frac{9}{\gamma}$, $9 < \gamma$, it is easy to find a numerical meaning of a and then consider $a/h = 1$ and $a/h = 0$ as limit-cases of $a/h = a$. This process seems more suitable for obtaining numerical results.

The definition of mathematical probability is intro-

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duced at page 159 and represented by $\frac{9}{\gamma}$, $9 < \gamma$. This definition is substantially the same as that adopted by Cournot, Laurent, and it is from this point that really begins Mr. Keynes's numerical calculus of probabilities. The meaning of the logical relation $a/h = \alpha$ is, according to Keynes, as follows:—Since h is true, we believe that a may be also true, for reasons which make our belief more or less rational. The quantity α is what is called by others the mathematical definition of probability and according to Mr. Keynes is the degree of rational belief in the relation $a/h = \alpha$. The translation of the meaning of this relation, not merely the representation of it in symbols, into mathematical relations, similar to those existing between quantities, whenever this is possible, so that the character of quantity remains thus extended to logical entities, is the main object of Mr. Keynes's functional calculus of probabilities. To this calculus are devoted Chapters X., XIII., and XIV. The numerical calculus follows the main lines of other works on the same subject, which begin with the definition of mathematical probability, although revised by Mr. Keynes, and criticised chiefly from the logical standpoint. For this reason this work is of a highly philosophical value, and it reveals the effort of a synthesis between the logical and the numerical calculus, which is unknown to pure mathematicians who deal with the same subject. The principles from which our belief in an event as probable derives its character of rationality are the *Principles of indifference*, *analogy*, and *induction*. Their study occupies Chapters IV., XIX., XX., XXI. The analysis of the principle of indifference, as it is commonly stated and accepted, is a brilliant specimen of Mr. Keynes's wide and deep criticism; the work for rehabilitating this principle, page 53, is entirely original. By means of the auxiliary notion of "irrelevance" the principle of indifference is formulated more precisely so: "there must be no *relevant* evidence relating to one alternative, unless there is a corresponding evidence relating to the other." The application of this principle, however, is far from being simple, and the number of cases showing how easily it can be misapplied throws some doubt on its practical value

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On page 35 the notion of a degree of rational belief is identified with that of the place which it occupies in a series: the greater and less arise out of the order of the terms in a series. But this is true only when the law of succession of the terms is known, such law being expressed in an analytical expression, convertible into numbers, to which final decision is left as to *greater* and *less*. Nearly all the great theorems of the traditional Calculus of Probabilities are studied, subjected to a new analysis, and carefully weighed; historical information about them and numerous illustrations of their real, and sometimes limited, value accompany the criticism, and their study and comparison with their original form will prove exceedingly useful to the student. Mr. Keynes's criticism deals with the logic and sometimes the mathematical process of the said theorems, pages 341, 339. The realistic ground on which probability and its calculus was first seen and studied by their authors, Bernouilli, Laplace, Poisson, is open to the attack of philosophers (chiefly English), and in this respect not in harmony with the philosophical standpoint of this work, which, if we try to define, has at least a strong tendency to be idealistic. It does not appear clearly from it how far probability is objective, while with the said authors, who hardly thought of a probability-relation, a probable event was entirely objective, and unless this point turns out to be decidedly wrong Mr. Keynes's criticism cannot have its full value. Thus on page 348 Poisson's instance deals with an objective probability, *and as such*, his proposition "that the probability of a given proportion of μ balls being black after drawing from the urn l balls, is independent of the number and colour of the l balls drawn and not replaced," is sound.

The criticism of Mr. Keynes about the mathematical process embodied by the said theorems is scarce. On pages 338 and 358 the want of symmetry of the expression under approximation with respect to the approximation given by the formula

$$P = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2\pi mpq}} e^{-\frac{h^2}{2mpq}}$$

is remarked and cleverly illustrated in the examples of page 258. But for mpq to be very large, which should

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be laid as a condition of approximation, according to Mr. Keynes, it is *sufficient* that m is very large, and if for some particular reason, which is not clearly stated in the criticism, the value of mpq should be considered instead, since $mpq = mp(1-p)$, it is the absolute value of this expression that should be considered. From the same standpoint, viz., for lack of logical rigour, are criticised other applications of the Calculus of Probabilities, that is to say to ethics and statistics.

The Jesuit doctrine of Probabilism, page 308, as criticised by Mr. Moore, can hardly recover, even with Mr. Keynes's remarks, against Mr. Moore's argument. Indeed, unless we introduce the element *time* to fix the good or evil attached to the action, such a doctrine does not even deserve the name of a rule of conduct. Mr. Keynes's criticism goes still further in condemning the application of mathematical methods to the general problem of statistical inference, page 384. But his criticism must be mitigated when we think that the arithmetical calculus of probabilities is really free from any aprioristic principle the application of which seems to be a logical offence for deducing conclusions expressed by numbers. It was made to foresee events which, at least as phenomena, we cannot undress from the appearance of being fortuitous. There is no principle by which the extraction from an urn containing c balls, black and white will yield balls of the two colours in a given proportion. The very definition of the mathematical probability is a postulate entirely suggested by experience. Bernouilli's theorem only says that the probability P, that the difference $(p - \frac{m}{n})$ be small when n is large, is great, but it does not say that the number of cases, viz., the frequency, is great, in which $p - \frac{m}{n}$ is small. The constance for $f(q)/h$, pages 386, 387, is merely an hypothesis. Like all sciences of observation, as a subsidiary of which the numerical calculus of probabilities was invented, it stands upon a hypothetical and empirical basis; while it serves to foresee probable facts, it demands at the same time, from the correctness of its prevision, the claim for its existence. The principle that the *chance* when consulted many times shows in its answers a regu-

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larity of its doing is a mere hypothesis, the verification of which is entirely left to the observation.

In conclusion, this book shows in the best light the double direction in which is now developing the calculus of probability, one which could be called the *abstract*, dealing with logical operation, the other *concrete*, continuing the traditional numerical calculus, under the escort of the mathematical logic. The work of linking them together with the object of reaching a beautiful synthesis is the highest characteristic of this original work, which no doubt will stimulate many researches in this new direction.

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The "Poison" Treaties

By Austin Harrison

MR. VANDERLIP begins his new book, *What next in Europe?* with the arresting reflection that in Europe and the bordering Asiatic States covered by the war treaties there are half a billion people; that is to say, that the lives of more than a quarter of the world's population are being shaped by the developments growing out of the Treaties and the absence of Peace. These peoples are by far the most cultivated, intelligent, and specially trained on the globe, and they are the fine flower of Christianity. All are now involved in a stupendous crisis, which cannot be measured by boundaries, or exchanges, or markets. We are living in times of a great human tragedy, and literally Europe, or the civilisation of the West, may be said to be in the melting-pot. The cause of this decline is known to every intelligent student: it is the Peace that is really war. To quote Mr. Vanderlip: "The four gentlemen chiefly responsible for the Versailles Treaty do not seem to have had the least inkling of economic principles, or, if they had, they seem to have gone bravely ahead, regardless of the consequences of neglecting them." He speaks of the "poison" Treaties. He regards them as dictated by revenge, hate, and selfishness. He justly says that Europe is suffering more from the Peace than she did from the war.

Now, if this verdict of a highly competent and wholly impartial observer is true, and it is, the veriest dullard is entitled to ask: Why not alter this evil state of things, why not make the necessary adjustments, seeing that we made those conditions, and as surely can change them? And this is, of course, the judgment that history will pass upon the "four gentlemen" at Paris and their peoples. The simple truth is that Europe's mechanism is out of joint. Diplomacy in the pre-war sense no longer exists. Hate controls.

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Blindness to facts, general apathy, unwillingness to think or attempt to correct politicians: all nations suffer from these post-war legacies, the direct result of war propaganda, police control of opinion, and the monstrous assertiveness of the popular Press, with its daily appeal to prejudice, passion, and partiality, so that no man knows what or whom to believe, and, as peace is, in any case, better than war, comparatively few even care. In this country we have 2,000,000 unemployed—the result of Europe's Treaty pauperisation; but rarely do men talk about this spectacle, or consider how we are to go on with such a blight on our economy, or worry. The other day some politician, I think it was a Minister, gravely told us that our pre-war exports to Russia were insignificant, and, coming from a politician, the remark has gone the round of drawing-rooms and country houses, where, as Repington has shown up, the seat of authority lies. What is the truth? The absurd truth is that this politician forgot the Empire. He forgot—perhaps he did not know it—that our Colonies, economically, are foreign lands, and that our Empire is not by any means an economic unit. Thus, when a politician rosily contends that Russia does not matter to us because our exports to Russia are insignificant, he merely proves his consummate ignorance of our imperial economy, for India's chief export to Russia before the war was tea, and now that the Russian tea market is closed India buys proportionately less from England. Precisely the same condition slumped Australian wool. Because Germany and Central Europe could not, on the exchanges, buy Australian wool, *we* could not sell to Australia; it became difficult to negotiate a bill—we slumped, our unemployment is the picture. Britain's indispensable need is an ordered world, with a stable purchasing-power. It is vital for us that India, Australia, and New Zealand should sell to Europe because we have to sell to those countries, and the man who picks up a pre-war exports table and talks economics according to the ratio of our island export trade, while omitting the Empire, is indeed a Little Englander who should be sent to a school of economics. I cite this case as an instance of our difficulties. The authority of knowledge and education has broken down. Men no longer think for them-

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selves. There is no machinery for nailing down the lie or the absurdity. In countless country houses this ludicrous Russian export point passes for fact.

Of the " four gentlemen " at Paris who are responsible for the present ruin of Europe, Mr. Lloyd George is the sole survivor, but now the men who rushed him into power mean to knife him. They detect Liberal leanings in their ex-War Lord, who, they told a grateful nation, " had won the war," and now that he has actually met the Bolshies and at Genoa sought the plan of a genuine Peace policy, their indignation is splendid to behold. This is a very curious situation. What does it mean? Why do our leading newspapers preach a French Napoleonic policy? Why are they more French than half the French Press? The result is chaos at home and abroad. America declines to co-operate with Napoleonists, rightly seeing no security for her money, and as Americans are at last beginning to realise that Europe cannot pay back her debts, can only pay them back in goods, the notion of re-capitalising a Europe deliberately split up into a cockpit of animosities hardly appeals to the dollar mind. Hence Genoa. Mr. Lloyd George convened the Conference at Genoa in the hope of laying some foundations of order and peace in Europe. It was a bright and proper idea. Unfortunately, like Samson, he allowed himself to be clipped by M. Poincaré beforehand. He allowed M. Poincaré to rule out of discussion the three things that matter and must be discussed, namely, the " poison " Treaties, reparations, and—politics, whereupon America immediately replies that she cannot take part in the Conference because the one thing that can set Europe right has been ruled out—economics. M. Poincaré and our French Bonapartist newspapers are delighted, for Genoa cannot in such conditions bring forth a mountain. And so there we are, and recognising that no progress is obtainable, Germany and Russia make a Trading Pact. Uproar. Mr. Lloyd George is reported to be " angry," though one of his main objects was to make a similar Pact himself with Russia, in order to save our Indian tea trade, etc. What does this mean? Are we to understand that Germany and Russia are not to have any voice in their own affairs? That

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they are to continue in the slough of " paper " money until total collapse reduces these countries to sheer anarchy? Apparently we are. Undoubtedly it is the French policy, for France is not really bothering about reparations—witness the cool declaration of M. Loucheur to America that France, of course, cannot pay; France is thinking about " security "; how she can break up the German Empire; how she can destroy the political and economic strength of modern Germany. As Mr. Vanderlip remarks: There is no recognition in France of the unity of the life of economic Europe. Frenchmen only see France, war, fear, and how to crush Germany. And France reckons she controls. She induces us to frame treaties compelling all Europe to disarm except herself. Then she so rearranges the military map of Europe that the new creations must for dear life act as France's fighting satellites, with the result that to-day a Little Entente exists in Europe, which is little more than a French military outpost, can only so hold together, and yet is so unsound financially and economically that two years of military glory have practically reduced them to " paper " chaos.

Poland is a shining example. Sooner or later her paper will bring about anarchy and she will crash. Roumania follows in the rear. All the ex-enemy peoples are candidates for " paper " crashes, and none of them have any " right " to take any steps to improve their position. Europe to-day is an economic Balkans. Each victor country maintains a huge army, a vast bureaucracy, and has set up high tariff walls, with the result that trade cannot function, goods do not circulate, customs duties and disabilities block economic enterprise, the Little Entente lives apparently on the flag. They are all now despoiler countries, frightened out of their lives at the prospects of what will happen when Peace comes. Look at Poland in possession of historic German territory, with her fantastic Dantzig corridor, terrified with her Russian reclamations. Poor Poland! No wonder she prefers Lenin to a Tsar, knowing full well that Russia redivivus will gird herself for a little war of " liberation."

Then there is Roumania. She has got Bessarabia, which Russia will never forgive. She has got Transylvania,

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which has been Hungarian for a thousand years; she, too, trembles at her future. The Czechs have some 3,000,000 Germans to swallow, and her Slovaks are already asking in what way they are better off. The Jugo-Slavs are, of course, old Balkan conquerors. They have slices of Hungary, great chunks of Bulgaria, and Italy naturally likes not this military camp on her crown. Turkey has been castrated, Greece has got Navalism on the brain. Wherever one looks one sees chaos. The Alsace-Lorraines in Europe to-day are reckoned by military observers to be twenty-one. Repington's next Great War is a certainty. Almost it would be a charity, seeing that quite 100,000,000 people are not producers and have no purchasing-power, and the whole is approaching the general smash as the result of paper money.

Perhaps the really extraordinary part of this colossal crime against civilisation is that it is maintained in the single interest of one Power whose population does not amount to forty millions, a mere fraction of the whole; who arrogates to herself the economic and political control of half a billion of the Christian peoples of Europe. Militarily, it is of course ridiculous. Economically, it is breaking down rapidly. Politically, it means and necessitates war. Few men pause to consider what this strangulation of Europe implies. For this is certain: sooner or later we shall have to take a resolute decision. If three-fourths of Europe is to be ruled by France, we shall have to fight for it and—pay for it. But we are getting on a little. America will not fight for the Europe of France or pay for it. And yet we went to Washington to talk disarmament; we are, in fact, putting down our military establishments and gravely neglecting the Air Force, as if oblivious to our Treaty obligations, as if we fondly imagined that Europe was serenely peaceful and there was no danger ahead.

Now we cannot have it both ways. If we mean to become the bank and arsenal of France astride Europe, we ought to reimpose conscription, to maintain at least 500,000 men ready for embarkation, to build an enormous air fleet, to arm, like the Romans, to the teeth. We are doing the contrary. Why?

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The reason is that we still retain our common sense. We know that this outrageous Europe cannot endure. We do not intend to run up another £5,000,000,000 war debt to enable France to annex the Rhine. We do not mean to go down waving another nation's flag into a second-class position, and yet the Premier is assailed for going to Genoa! What in the world do we want? Industry cries out against taxation, our unemployed will not continue meekly for ever to be unemployed. The slump in our Empire will not endear those peoples to us. And as the economic fruits of reparations, which mean a depreciating German currency, are exchange-dumping here, coupled with the loss of our foreign buying markets, the outlook for the heralded trade "boom," unless we inflate, is zero, as every banker knows. We have got to face the truth, which is that the Europe of the Treaties spells decay; that corrective wars are inevitable; that the whole standard of life will remain permanently sub-normal, consequently that our trade and the Empire's will receive a staggering blow.

If Germany really were to pay big reparations, she would have to flood Europe and this country with her goods, and in the process build up a controlling interest over all Europe. No doubt she could pay some £100,000,000 per year in goods, but at the expense of our industries, and not a little to the detriment of the "little man," who could not compete with Government-sold articles. Our own financial position is now becoming acute, for next year the E.P.D. average will not bring in the revenue, and unless we can get back to a Budget of £700,000,000, the Government will become increasingly "pinched" for money, and we shall be brought up against the Capital Levy.

How in these circumstances are we to underwrite French Napoleonism or fear of the future? How shall we pay for the armies necessary to support this structure? How are we to presume to dictate to Germany, Russia, and the rest of Europe indefinitely? In reality only hate or war madness would even contemplate such a design. Yet this is the actual position. France, with an Opera-Bouffe Budget, still retains an army of 700,000. She must. She has remapped Europe for spoliation, like Attila or the

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Corsican. She knows that Europeans will not consent to be the helots of France for more than a few years. She fears every whisper in Europe. She is like the naughty boy who has found seventeen plum cakes in the cupboard and does not know where to hide them. She wants to break up the economic life of Europe to suit her strategic aims, which, roughly, are domination. She cares little who suffers or how many peoples crash on paper money. She sees only the panache of victorious France, and now that the world enabled her to obtain victory she cries, " Avaunt! France is victor. France is supreme. Make way for France's sovereign decrees."

Our French Press applaud, apparently hoping in this way to trip up the Premier, afraid, as ever, to stand four square to fortune. And so Genoa was hamstrung before it opened, and when it is over and the bills have been paid things will be just about where they were before. Or worse. Probably worse, for France views with dismay any *démarche* of any European Power daring to refuse her handcuffs, actually asking for a little common sense. Yet some good will emanate from Genoa. A common beginning will have been made of discussion, and France's moral isolation will emerge as the cardinal fact in Europe. When peoples through the fog of their still war propaganda presses realise that Europe is doomed to decline amid cycles of re-liberation wars as the result of treaties which in reality only serve to satisfy French vanity, opposition will harden and some of the straight, simple modifications that cannot be overlooked may gradually get done. But it will not be easy, because Europe has been rebuilt on the Grey Secret Treaties, and every Power that fought for us was bribed with territorial gains, except America, and now claims the goods. France will pander to these respective greeds and vanities diplomatically. According to the last utterance of the Prime Minister on the subject, he, too, hardly contemplates revision.

Yet every thoughtful man in the world knows that revision must come, or Europe will fall back into the Middle Ages, in which case we shall grow poorer every year. The chief difficulty is to get people to think at all. They see nothing about it in the daily newspapers, now

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chiefly occupied with murders, girls' bathing costumes, shrieks, stunts, and " policies." They regard the personal duel between Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lloyd George, which started at the Versailles Conference, much as they view a football match. It does not occur to them that because of our political disunity French Napoleonism scores; that because of this scrap between the two men " who won the war " England has lost the peace; that tens of thousands have lost good money because of it, while millions walk the streets; that all recovery, all trade revival, all hope of peace are held up until one or the other falls. Yet this is so. Pitt never had to contend with forces like these. This Coalition is paralysed in consequence, and now the only way out is Mr. Lloyd George's retirement.

The horrible but plain truth is that, as the framer of the Treaties, the Premier cannot revise them; cannot suggest revision to the French, whose retort is obvious. We are hooked on Mr. Lloyd George's mistakes. He cannot unhook us, and so he agreed to M. Poincaré's rules before Genoa began, thereby stultifying his own Conference. If he talks sense or economics to France, the Parisian Press attack us furiously, yet our home (French) Press take jolly good care not to let England hear of the atrocious vilifications poured out daily by French pressmen, and we remain utterly oblivious to the odious campaign. And so our Foreign Office has no policy, and Mr. Lloyd George dare not have one. If he tries now to be sensible, to make amends, the Parisian Press shout traitor. He cannot mend what he has broken. To-day, he is the last of the " four gentlemen." Surveying the whole situation, we can only see one of two things. Either, dragged to the chariot wheels of France, reckless because she can feed herself, we do nothing to restore Europe, under the mistaken notion that we are optimists; or we do somehow make a stand internationally and do set up some body equipped and empowered to carry out decisions, to view Europe as an economic unit, to restore her shattered trade, to make peace. World Conferences are no good unless nations go to them on an agreed policy, acting on definite principles, anxious and willing to fight for them. In other words, compara-

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tively little change can come about until we have made up our minds as to what we want. If we are to accept France's map, good; then it is foolish to speak of a trade recovery, of stabilising exchanges, of disarmament, of peace at all, and useless to convene Conferences. If we do not mean to pay and fight for France's military map, then we must say so loudly and find a man who will inform France to that effect. The difficulty is one of realism. We have made a fetich of optimism, which really means refusing to face facts. We refuse even to talk economics on the facts, to consider consequences, to think as realists at all; indeed, so far has our war optimism carried us that, even after five years of war, Sir Percy Scott is virtually at war again with the whole Navy over the technical question of the battleship, supported by a vicarious and emphatic midshipman. After what happened, after the books written, the awful disclosures, the stupendous blunders, one would have thought that the man who gave director-firing to the Navy would have been listened to on naval matters, especially after his warnings about submarines just prior to the war. Not a bit. He is on his " lonesome." Lord Sydenham, as usual, writes his old (statutory) pre-war letter to *The Times*, just as if he had been proved right, Sir Percy wrong. The wrangle is typical. There is no longer authority. We despise efficiency. We hate realities. The man on the golf course regards Sir Percy as he regards Maynard Keynes on reparations. We don't want to know unpleasant things. We cannot believe that a plane can sink a battleship, it does not seem English, and the same type of mind that is ready to call Sir Percy a pro-German is ready to say, " Oh, well, let France have the Rhine."

Had we politicians who were realists, this habit of mind might not so much matter, but to-day politicians are the product of the war machine, and Parliament is thick with men who did well out of the war. Under Mr. Lloyd George Cabinet responsibility has virtually vanished; he is practically dictator, and now that his dictatorship is challenged the Coalition is seen to be mainly a vested interest. Respect has gone. England's leading newspaper offers a man in the street £10 for looking jolly. It is a pity

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England's leading newspaper does not tell its readers the atrocious things written about us in France; does not face the realities of elementary economics; does not try to help the Government undo the wrongs of the " poison " treaties instead of representing them as virtuous. It is extraordinarily difficult even for the trained observer to follow the European position to-day, because the Press virtually ignores it; the old informative article has gone; omission is the rule; the French attitude to Europe controls the major part of the newspapers and we hear nothing of what is going on. So little do we know, that most men imagine that Europe is quite prosperous, in particular Germany. Downright lies are told in our Press about the lightness of German taxation. War propaganda still controls.

Now Europe cannot recover on hate. If her economics are known to be unsound, we can make them right or let things rip. If we find German exchange-dumping knocking out our home industries, it is for us to apply the corrective; either to stop reparations or sell out. The peculiar politician who regards Russia merely from what she buys from us is destroying our Empire by refusing to face realities. We dare not continue much longer paying £400 or £5,000 a year to so brilliant a leader, because the Great Debt question will have to be faced, and we are not going to get a shilling from France. I should say it was 5 to 1 on Sir Percy Scott—the French think so too. It is certainly 16 to 1 on Maynard Keynes, and the world agrees. What are we going to do?

Let Europe sink and risk the *débâcle*, or revise the Treaties? It will be this or that. But if we let Europe rip, we shall have broken the capitalist system, and what may happen then no man can say. A nation cannot cash in by devaluation, say, divide by 500, without destroying all her first-class securities, bonds, debentures, etc., for the capitalist system is highly sensitive, and liberties cannot be taken without fearful penalties. Europe will not be set right by juggling, and if half Europe smashes our future will be perilously involved.

To begin the restoration of Europe it is essential first to understand, to decide where and what adjustments are urgent and to set up machinery to carry them out. A

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new spirit is necessary. New fine fearless men must come forward to chase away the timid fumblers who made the Treaties. Realites must be faced. Politicians who talk economic twaddle should be marked. We shall have to take an intelligent interest in the decay of Europe, or when the breakdown comes we shall be caught, in plus-four knickerbockers, as we were in 1914, and that might be surprisingly and lastingly unpleasant.

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Books

ECONOMICS.

REPARATIONS, TRADE AND FOREIGN EXCHANGES. By L. L. B. ANGAS, M.A. King and Son. 6*s*. 6*d*. net.

PEOPLE who have speculated in marks should procure this informative work which deals somewhat freshly with the whole matter. Unlike the professional City journalist, Mr. Angas dares not only to think but to prophesy, and it is in this connection that holders of marks should read him and see what they are going to do about it. It should by law be read aloud forcibly to every Minister and M.P. What he shows is that a gold-mark indemnity necessitates (1) exchange dumping here, (2) loss of our export markets, (3) unemployment, (4) the printing press in Germany, and that so long as the public here ignorantly permit foolish politicians to smash our own markets we shall go on slumping. Many other points are touched on. Thus the banks' partiality towards retailers; the meaning of velocity of circulation; and the great danger to England of triangular exchange dumping with consequent loss of selling markets. He shows that Germany must crash unless radical changes are made shortly. He shows that her fall will involve us

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most seriously. He shows how speculators in marks have actually lost far more money than Germany has paid in reparations. In short, his book is a gay exposition of the stupendous folly of politicians who at Versailles thought economics were just like political strategy, like map-making or war credit-issues.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

WAITING FOR DAYLIGHT. By H. M. TOMLINSON. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN a vivid sense, this is a companion tome to *Montagu's Disenchantment*, a book on the war. But Tomlinson, although a war correspondent, eschews strategy; his interest is man; his purpose humanity, and always he is the artist. Clearly, he has suffered deeply, and one feels that these impressions are like scars. His method is singularly quiet. He uses no tricks, scorns patches. He is like a man groping about the ruins of battlefields with a lantern and—a pipe. The result is a highly sensitive atmosphere, in which he touches chords of beauty. Throughout, the book is restful and charming, a thing to read again at leisure. It is the Nobody he sings of—the boys. He understands them. He is of them, with them, for them, and his patriotism is theirs. In his philosophic way, he lights up corners of the long struggle, dropping little flowers upon this or that memory, which linger in the mind, and he has humour to guide him. His omissions are quite Roman. But the quality of the work is bone English, and so is its art. Mr. Tomlinson must be congratulated upon a fascinating literary achievement.

FICTION.

MAN AND MAID. By ELINOR GLYN. Duckworth. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

ELINOR GLYN knows her *métier*, knows what the public wants, and knows her own sex, which she fairly undresses in this "study" of war morals. She seems to have something to say over and above the mere purpose of entertainment, perhaps a genuine contempt for women; anyhow that is the moral of the story, which, had it been written by a male, would have stirred lady reviewers to a fine show of indignation. But the method is the good old recipe. The hero is a baronet, young, a V.C. with great wealth, and though he has lost an eye and a leg in the war he can draw a couple of four-figure cheques any morning without thinking. Fancy a Bart. V.C., one-eyed, one-legged, unmarried, lazily drawing £1,000 cheques.

To him come all the women, the *haute cocotte* and the Duchesse, for our hero lives in Paris in the "dinkiest" of flats, of course with a valet, and at last engages a typist. Here the story begins—we won't spoil it. It is a bright little book. The way the author ticks off her types is delightfully subacid, and the whole thing sparkles. A dainty morsel for Bayswater and the girls who would like to be as lissom as Elinor Glyn's heroines.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

THE BLACK VIRGIN. By HERMON OULD. Cecil Palmer. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. OULD'S play is post-war in conception. The earlier success of *Between Sunset and Dawn* might have tempted him to repetition,

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but the new work is a play for our times reflecting the period of transition in affairs: the old religion in an age of broadening conceptions, the old internal and international politics after the world war, the old sex morality and marriage in a time of intermediate and transitional types, the old everything in the new era. The author has seen institutions and ideas as the Black Virgins of that Bavaria where his scene is set—images painted black to imitate the age-begrimed church figures. He scrapes hard to find whether they be things of the spirit or no, and in a story full of action both physical and psychological he applies the test: does this answer the needs of life as it is and as it is becoming? His creations, moved by their own characterisation, supply the answers. The author's opinion intrudes in his acceptance of change: an intrusion which will not readily be forgiven by those who would keep their shrines intact—dirt and all. A play for the producer with intellectual and artistic courage.

SOCIAL.

AFTER THE WAR. A DIARY. By COLONEL REPINGTON. Constable. 21s.

AGAIN! Yes, again, with all the nous, bounce, verve, Christian name acquaintanceships, tea-parties, interviews, and indiscretions which made the Colonel's War Diary a world sensation. Yet this is a serious book. Those who know can easily sift the scoriæ of method, and though the author's vanity and "society" manner are trying and abominable to the scientific mind, there is much hard information in this volume, much that ought to be read and digested, and not a little sound reasoning. The Colonel excels as military-diplomatist. He can judge a man, tell a story, reveal a secret. He is cynical enough to hack his way through the Balkanised Europe of the Treaty without losing perspective, which is no mean feat, for clearly he is not a linguist, and Europe generally is virgin soil to him. To any tried Continental journalist his impressions of places, conditions, men, and things contain nothing new; but then what is journalism to-day? The Colonel picks his way as the *D.T.'s* correspondent half like a conqueror, half like one of Ouida's curled Guardsmen, and sees everybody. He tells the Greek story with zest, and pins down Venizelos. He plunges into economics and finds that Austria cannot live; he resents as a white man the use of black conscripts over Germans; he is disgusted with our treatment of Hungary; he shows how nearly the French marched in April, 1919. And every now and then he opens a window and lets in fresh air; or tells a story and gives away a reputation; or has a "good talk" and reveals the hideous mess made by politicians at Versailles. The book is a pretty useful history of last year's diplomacy which ended at Washington.

But Repington is no statesman. His parting injunctions are to maintain the Sèvres Treaty (since gone) and guarantee France and her satellite Europe militarily, which, if we do, implies conscription and inflation. Our F.O. ought certainly to employ the Colonel. His limitations are patent, but his uses are socially obvious. Anyhow, this is jolly good stuff which should not be missed.

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